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Featuring:
**A NUDIST
HOLIDAY
IN CORSICA**

plus :
**CLUB
DIRECTORY**

**THE NATURIST MAGAZINE WITH 79 YEARS
OF CONTINUOUS PUBLICATION**



THE 79th YEAR OF CONTINUOUS PUBLICATION

Established 1900. Health and Efficiency incorporating Sunbathing Review, Health and Vim, is associated with the Central Council for British Naturism, the Australian Nudist Federation and New Zealand Sunbathing Association.

We publish news, views and reflections on the nudist scene. We look beyond the clubs to the evolving world where social nudity on the beaches and in our homes is affecting our modes, mores and morals. All are grist to our mill.

We believe in the cause of social nakedness and as such consider it our duty to promote its acceptance universally. Our propaganda both by word and picture is designed for total honesty of expression but at all times within the bounds of propriety. This magazine is entirely independent. The views expressed in literary contributions are not necessarily those of the Editor.

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CONTENTS

No. 2

HEAD UP AND PROUD by George Mann	4
DARK AGES OF THE BODY by Maggie Stillwell	8
NO WAY OUT? by Dania	12
ANY ONE FOR A MÉNAGE À TROIS? by Jonathan Clements	18
BEDTIME SECRETS by Susan Mayfield	24
DEAR JOAN: DIG THIS! by Janet Robins	28
HOLIDAY RESORT: CORSICANA by Lance Ridgeway	34
DEPILATE—NOW! by John Morton	38
PHOTO CLUB by Murray James	44
CLUB DIRECTORY by Staff Research	50
THE LATEST MODEL by Pierre Durand	52
READERS' LETTERS by Readers	59

EDITORIAL

THE WAY AHEAD

When the Scots football team met the Yugoslavs recently, the score was 3 to 1 in Scotland's favour. At the time I was sitting on the nudist Island of Stupa, near Korcula. A Yugoslav nudist near me was glaring at the result in his local paper. I couldn't resist it. 'Like the result?' I asked lightheartedly.

'Do you know the Nudist score?' he replied. And then without waiting he said. 'I'll tell you—it's 3,400 beaches to 1!' It was his turn to laugh. He did—heartily.

So what do we do? In a democracy anything is possible. The essential moves are broadly as follows. Discover others who share your views. Band together. Set out a plan of action. Make a programme and get to work. You could start by finding out exactly what local bye-laws govern the use of a selected suitable beach, and who can change those laws if necessary. The way ahead is obvious.

Murray Wren (Editor)

Next Month
Do Not Miss

Our roving reporter has just returned from a visit to Europe's greatest Nudist country—Yugoslavia. While the rest of Europe has been making slow progress during the last ten years—Yugoslavia has streaked ahead. Only one thing is certain; no one knows just how many Nudist Free Beaches exist around the coast. One Yugoslav Tourist organisation confidently puts the figure at around 3,500! We can hardly cover them all, but next month we are to look at one of the oldest and finest.



HEAD UP AND PROUD

To assert that sexuality is absent in Sun Clubs is untrue, unrealistic and hypothetical, declares George Mann. He then goes on to consider examples of sexual arousal he has seen in the clubs. Arousal, not only of the male (who is the obvious target) but also of women. A difficult subject full of personal experience.



Any male who says this girl leaves him cold is to be pitied.





HE strode to the water's edge. Naked and with an erection. He lacked any sense of shame, perhaps because this was a Scandinavian beach. I sat with my girlfriend and watched. We were alone on the shore except for one or two others.

'Just look at that!' said my friend, 'what an Adonis!' She laughed and was happy.

After all, what had she seen? A perfect young man bursting with vim and vigour. I said something about youthful lack of care.

'Oh, go on,' said my girl, 'he's young; probably can't help it.'

Suddenly I remembered a letter from a young man. He said he would like to be a nudist but couldn't because of involuntary erections. He added older men had him thrown out of a club because of this.

The youngster failed to say what the female reaction was. Perhaps the ladies, who generally have far more common sense than men, simply ignored the small, tense area.

It could be that the youth is both exhibitionist in fact and fiction, but why should it be assumed that he is either or both? He says simply that he is young. That could mean anything from 12 to 20. It is my guess that he is about 18. At that age a penis can have a will of its own and become erect other than by sexual stimulation in thought or deed. Later in this article I will address myself to the young man but, in the meantime and since the subject is always being aired in naturist circles, allow me some observations based on long experience.

In a sun club or on a naturist



Let youth grow up familiar with sexual differences.

beach it is *very* unusual to see a man with a full erection. It is *not* unusual to see partial erection. Why should it be? Male genitalia reacts to metabolism precisely as do other parts of the anatomy. Any male naturist who says his penis is always completely flaccid in naked social surroundings is either a liar or impotent.

I have, on rare occasions, seen

erections in naturist society throughout Europe. If, at this moment, I was asked to say when I last saw an adult male with a full erection—excluding the Scandinavian youth I have mentioned—I would have to think and think hard.

Boys approaching or immediately beyond puberty can be erect yet be both unconscious

and un-selfconscious of the fact. None but the narrow-minded could possibly take exception to such natural evidence of approaching manhood, though some do. I once heard of a pencil-slim penis, but a few centimetres in length described as disgusting because it was erect. That is ridiculous. It is as natural a manifestation as a young girl's

developing breasts.

As a general rule the naturist taboo regarding the erect penis is right and proper. But, when the very rare sight of Adam fully aroused occurs, it is sanctimonious to assume the male is either a dirty young man or a dirty old man. Erections can occur when dozing in the sun, cutting grass or chopping wood. There does not have to be sexual thought to stimulate the body's chemistry.

It is true that overt sexuality is virtually non-existent in sun clubs and on naturist beaches. But to assert that it is entirely absent is untrue, unrealistic and hypocritical. Naturists are human beings and their natural nudity should not be so inhibiting that behaviour becomes artificial. Natural things do occur as in every other human sphere.

Many naturists will live their entire naturist life without ever seeing an adult male fully erect. But supposing you do? What should you do? Provided the erect male is causing no offence by deliberately drawing attention to himself (or otherwise misbehaving) then do nothing. Get on with whatever it is you are doing. I once heard a mother tell a child, aware of an erect penis, to ignore it. Good advice. Do just that.

It is impossible to entirely exclude the sexual adventurer from naturism. Just as impossible to entirely exclude exhibitionists (not always male be it noted.) The quickest and most effective means of deflating their ego is to ignore them. As the wise mother I have mentioned knew very well. Actors without an audience stop acting.

Anti-social

A far bigger menace to the peaceful enjoyment of naturism than the rarely seen erect male, is the camera-carrying intruder and especially the kind that pester children to pose. If you become aware of such operations I trust you will do as I do. Recommend the disturber of the peace to leave. The English have a most effective phrase of just two words which cannot possibly be misunderstood.

Only social misfits and the mentally unstable deliberately act in an anti-social manner. Naturists, I have found, are the nicest people and generally completely inoffensive. But it must be realised that human beings are creatures not of perfection but of frailty who are sometimes caught off guard. Be tolerant if you should happen to notice behaviour less than perfect and think before acting in a way that might aggravate a situation.

Social nudity demands high standards of behaviour, but I

would abandon the natural and happy way of life if it were so inhibited that I never saw two lovers kiss, or saw mutual affection and shared happiness.

What of the aroused female? Have no doubt that a naked female can be as aroused as any man, but show little, if any, outward and visible sign of such arousal. Female nipples might possibly indicate that adrenalin

was flowing at a rate above normal, but would anybody ask a lady to leave a sun club or beach for that reason?

The naturist way of life is health-giving. Good health ensures that our senses act and react in the way nature intended. The stress and strain of modern living has often resulted in our becoming jaded and lacking in appetite for the good things of life. When we

are able to escape temporarily from the constricting atmosphere of work and domesticity, to relax naked in the sun and air it is small wonder that our senses are heightened as nature's restorative powers get to work. At such times outward and obvious signs can occur. Including erections.

I derive much pleasure from the sight and sound of happy naturists. Since I am a healthy

male it follows that my mind does not always associate beautiful naked femininity with pursuits which could be indulged in public rather than privacy. To my certain knowledge, female naturists often derive similar pleasure from assessing male potential. There is no harm in such mental exercise. The indiscretion is individual and private.

An editor of a naturist magazine knows that both sexes ask for preferred naturist photographs. There are requests from females for circumcised or uncircumcised penises. Schoolgirls and elderly matrons ask for photographs of erections. Men request either an abundance or complete absence of pubic hair, large or small breasts. Such requests are not necessarily prurient. They are more likely to be an honest reflection of humanity as it is and as it must be accepted.

Control?

Probably the least concerned naturists who observe an erect male are children. The young naturist naturally absorbs the knowledge that the human body is of all shapes and sizes, that some penises are small, others large. Young naturist girls will almost certainly have seen an erect boy and will know without conscious thought that an adult male will be proportionally larger. In any case, children should be taught without ambiguity how human life is created.

Which brings me once again to the young man and his allegedly uncontrollable penis. Just as any male can take action to avoid giving offence *after* he has joined naked company, so can appropriate action be taken *before* joining. Surely I do not have to elaborate on that? Every male naturist knows when a plunge into the sea or a cold shower is indicated and acts accordingly.

The disturbed young man almost certainly induces his own difficulty. Contemplating joining a naturist group he convinces himself he will become erect and that is what happens. The remedy is to ensure that such a thing cannot happen. If he does not know how to do that he had better start again with the birds and the bees!

I hope the youngster will not abandon naturism. At least I can assure him that were he to introduce himself to me and my companions, with or without an erection, he would be courteously received provided his physical condition was as involuntary as he maintains. If he were obviously looking for sex, the only thing he'd get would be a punch on the nose.

Running away from difficulties solves nothing.



'Have no doubt that a naked female can be as aroused as any male.'

PROBING THE PRESS

DARK AGES of the BODY

Who is interested in Nudists? Maggie, probing the world's Press finds lots. The Spanish Police; the Yugoslav tourist industry; the Earl of Aylesford; a U.S.A. judge; curious youngsters and lastly but not least Antonio Fuchs—hear how he fared in Athens.

AT the height of last summer the police in Ibiza went out of their way to make sure a lot of tourists never return. They arrested 60 nudists. They were charged with indecency and causing a public scandal. So this Church-riddled Island thinks the work of God indecent. Do not the scriptures proclaim God made man after his own image? How then do the Ibiza police find the image indecent? And if the image *is* indecent—then what about the original? Answer please. Meanwhile keep away from Spain.

Instead, go to Yugoslavia. Here you will find thousands of beaches used by nudists from all over the world. More and more of them from Yugoslavia. They ask for no passports. They impose no regulations. The small fee the authorities collect for entrance to some of these beaches is justified by the amount of expensive work put into providing amenities. Since Spain and Yugoslavia are in direct competition for your holiday money, it will be interesting to see whether the Spanish maintain their outmoded attitudes for long. Already the locals in Ibiza are worried. They are talking about asking the local council to allocate certain stretches of the beaches to nudists. As one said: 'If it's really forbidden, the tourist industry will suffer and that means everyone on this Island.'

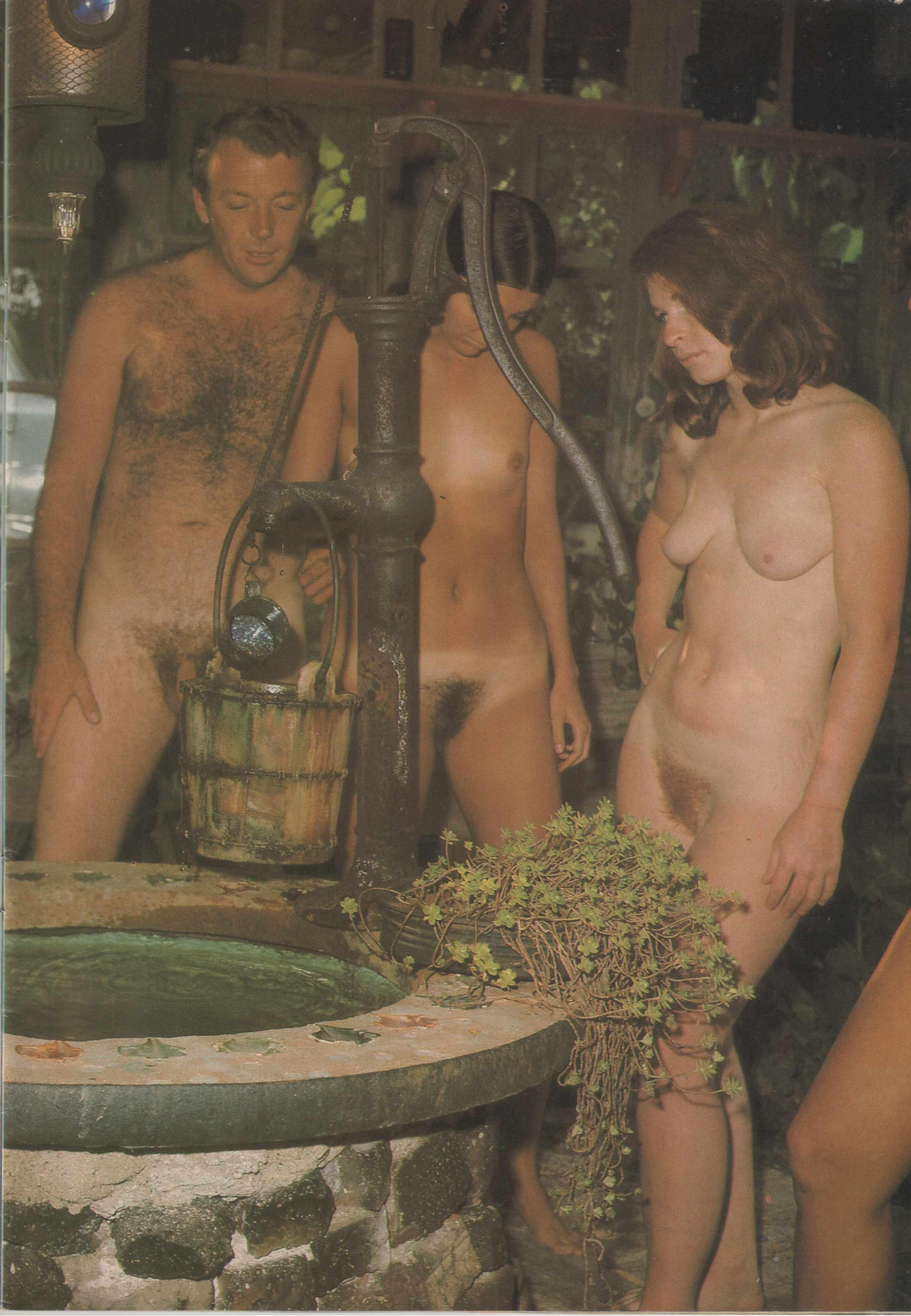
Meanwhile in England another kind of fight was in progress.

Glasgow's *Daily Record* reported a difference between Kathleen Hall's famous Woodlands Club and the Earl of Aylesford. It appears the latter set up a clay pigeon shooting range about a couple of miles from the club. The club objected to the local planning committee, and the Earl's application to continue using the site was refused. Said Kath, 'My husband and I have spent 40 years building up our camp in beautiful rural surroundings. But since the shooting range was moved to its present site, our business has suffered. Families want to come here and enjoy our amenities. But they can hardly relax with the din from the gun club.' The Earl may appeal, but with Kath on the war path, I don't fancy his chances.

Incidentally the headlines which usually accompany any nudist item in the Press are remarkable only for their ham-fisted attempts at a pun. Consider the *Daily Record's* effort—'Nudists Out-strip Guns For the Earl.' Clever? Funny? No, well let's see what the big boys in Fleet Street can do with the same news item. The *Daily Telegraph* came up with 'Nudists Win Sun Of A Gun Fight.' Well, marginally better? The *Record* did better with its headline on the arrested Ibiza nudists. 'Costa Nuda . . .'

But one of the neatest headings came with the news from the States that a judge had banned a





nudist club from holding its annual 'Mr. and Miss Nude Teeny-bopper Contest,' whatever that may be. The ban followed Indiana Governor, Otis Bowen's complaint that the spectacle amounted to cruelty to children. No less than six newspapers here ran the news item. The best heading? 'Show Off.'

And talking of 'show-offs,' how about the Italian tourist with the side-splitting name of Antonio Fuchs. A near miss indeed! However Bernardo Antonio Fuchs was arrested in Athens for strolling naked around the city centre. Poor Fuchs, he didn't stand an earthly. But no fool he! When charged with offending public morals, Fuchs, aged 23, claimed that Athens was flooded with statues of naked men and his arrest contradicted the Greek glorification of the naked body. Well said, Antonio. The Greeks are on my bad list too—along with the Spanish they detest God's masterpiece.

But Fuch's behaviour palled into insignificance when compared with the Danish couple on holiday in Italy. The hot summer weather was blamed for their behaviour. It appears the couple went by taxi to the suburbs of Florence where they took off their clothes. They then lay down on the pavement and behaved 'as they might in their own bedroom,' as the police so delicately put it.

An unidentified, but obviously vision-impaired woman leaned out of a window and poured a bucket of cold water over them. Their performance, having re-

ceived such a wet reception, led the couple to pick up their clothes and move—across the street. The street must be full of eye troubles, for this time someone let them have two buckets of cold water. But the middle-aged couple found their ardour unquenched, so they moved to the middle of the road. The police charged them with obscene acts in a public place. Oh dear, there we go again, 'obscene acts.' So making love is an 'obscene act'—even if you do it in your own bedroom? So far in this article I have learnt that the naked body is 'indecent' and causes a 'public scandal' (Spain.) Looking at it in a beauty contest is 'cruelty' in the States. In Athens it 'offends public morals' and in Italy making love anywhere is 'obscene conduct.' What on earth is wrong with humanity. How long can it continue to call itself dirty names?

Sadly, the blame rests fairly and squarely on the Church. The early Christian Church came to feel sex was evil. Nakedness and sex are forever associated, hence the two are condemned. Today we see the anti-nudity feeling strongest in the nations where catholicism is dominant. But in taking on sex, the church has taken on too much. All over the world the church, the christian church, is in such decline that its survival into the next century must surely be in doubt. Unless, that is, it changes its ways. To repeat myself, I would suggest the church look again at the *body* of mankind that God created in his own image, and see that it is *good*.

Try this in Yugoslavia, but avoid Spain says Maggie Stillwell.



And part of this anti-body thing is that it must be covered and kept from the sight all of the time. Not part of the time. All of the time—and everywhere. Even when you go for a swim the offensive thing, the body, must be covered with bits of cloth. Not *all* the body I grant you. Not *today*. But some parts of the body are more evil than others. It's strange that these parts are the sexual ones. Nudism has always said that there is

nothing evil about *any* part of the body. I believe that message to be even more important today than it has ever been.

Consider the recent court case where a boy of 15 was hauled up on some charge. What he had done was to satisfy his curiosity. He said '... I wondered what a little girl looked like.' That was all he did. Just looked. And he was dragged before a court. Now, tell me, are we or are we not living in



Try this in Athens and you're in plenty of trouble.

the 'dark ages?' The prosecuting lawyer said, 'Obviously this man has a problem.'

Yes, he does have a problem. To my way of thinking it is simply that he cannot get to see what a member of the opposite sex looks like under her clothes. The problem is imposed by society. Society could remove the problem. It could change its ridiculous attitude to the naked body. It should allow the display of the nude body

wherever it is appropriate. It should encourage nudity on *all* the beaches, not just a selected few reserved for 'cranks.' It is a matter of public health now—something far too important to be left to the nudist clubs. If that young man had been a member of a nudist club he would have known what a little girl looked like. He would have grown up with little girls all around him, happily unselfconscious of the

'enormous sin' of their sexual organs.

You think I go too far? Well how about this? A recent report said that the ignorance of vast numbers of youngsters about matters of sex and the body was unbelievable. I quote. 'The biggest areas of pure ignorance seem to be about the human body.' Every columnist gets endless letters from girls and boys who are afraid they are abnormal. They are not abnormal. They never had the chance to see other humans naked and learn about bodies. One girl said 'I couldn't possibly go out with a boy because we might get to have sex and he would find I'm not normal.' There was nothing wrong with her.

That illustrates what they fail to know of their bodies. When it comes to sex the position is worse. Doctors know that when a couple complain they are infertile, they should check to see if the couple know how to make love. I quote again. 'It is not unknown for the man to have been aiming at the navel or the urinary tract. All this would be funny if it didn't lead to such unhappiness . . .' Surely the animals in the wild do better. The young see how their elders behave. In our society, this is made impossible. Not that all the animals know all the answers. We remember the sad fate of one Giraffe, so foiled in love he failed to live. An honourable exit. Humans live on in misery.

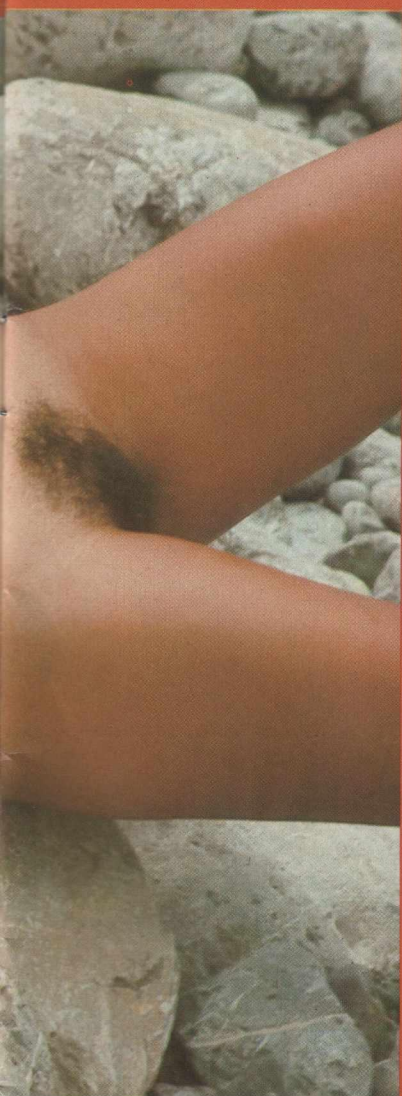


And if you try this anywhere—beware the prudes and spoilsports.



NO WAY OUT

Very soon now all the oil will be used up. As the aeroplanes drop from the sky and the multinational factories grind to a halt what will be left? A bloody, mindless war to grab the last of the goodies, or salvation through a more sensible way of life, a way where nudism has a lot to say.





DANIA is a full-time model and a part-time nudist. 'I like to get away from my work every summer for as long as possible,' she says— 'and that is when I'm a nudist.'

'Of course I often find myself modelling on holiday. Nudists are camera mad really. You wouldn't think it, would you— but they are. But mostly I try and get away from work. I feel what we all need is more of the simple things of life. More getting back to nature . . . to the simple things . . . the old things.'

'Most of the year I work in Paris. Everyone hurries so. They want to make more and more money. They run faster and faster. Just to stay still. Where's the sense of it. All they succeed in doing is making themselves sick. Men, and now women too, dropping dead from heart trouble while still in their prime. They are actually killing themselves, through refusing to slow up. Through refusing to live naturally. That's where I think nudism can make a real contribution to society.'

'Women's Lib has brought the rat race to every little typist today. It's not good enough to be just a typist. You have to be a Secretary. You have to work harder and harder, and you have to earn more and more. The libbers have got us convinced that we must be like men. We should compete with them. So girls push around fighting not only themselves but every man in sight.'

'I can see life in the city becoming the death of us all unless we watch out. Where can you turn for simple relaxation? Certainly not to organised sport. That is becoming so fiercely competitive that no relaxation can be found there any more. To package holidays? Not likely either. They are now organised so that you must be doing something all the time. It's not good enough for you to be resting in the sun. You have to go on this or that excursion. You have to see that place or this art gallery or some other tourist 'sight.' Getting back to work can be restful by comparison.'

'It seems to me we have missed



our way somewhere along the line. The way of the world before the First World War seems to me to have been a lot better than now. Then, at least the craftsman could take pride in the work of his hands. Women too could create in the kitchen. They made their own clothes. Now both men and women are automated into human machines working at the pace of the conveyor belt. Bottled up in a building where they rely on air conditioning and never see the sun falling on green fields.

'I suppose we are all a bit better off. I suppose we produce more 'things.' But what we have had to pay for this is a loss in the *quality* of life. And what is worse we are using up finite, precious resources at an alarming pace and with not a care in the world. Look at oil. One day, and that day is almost with us, there will be none. The last drop will have been squeezed out of the earth. Yet today we are burning it up as quickly as we can. Millions upon millions of cars burning the highways night and day all over the world. When it runs dry what then? There will be

no aeroplanes for a start. And probably nothing like the car transport we have now.

'Steam engines? Perhaps, but even the coal will run out sometime! Something will be invented to replace oil? But will it? There is absolutely no sign of that happening yet, and we are nearly at the end of the road.

'What is worse is that I see a dreadful future as the supplies of essential minerals, metals and other limited goods begins to dry up. The social and political issues which so excite everyone today will be nothing when compared with the desperate fight which will start when the supplies begin to run out. Countries with huge natural reserves will be the undeveloped nations. They will be ruthlessly wiped out. Not by nations going to war with them. The war will be between the advanced, developed countries to decide who will eat the third country.

'With today's weapons of war, can you imagine what this will mean? Yet we are rushing towards this end as hard as we can and





without a single politician anywhere in the world raising a voice of warning. They are blinded by outworn things. They are prattling on about human rights. The capitalist countries think the communists want to absorb them. And the communist countries are determined to keep ahead in an arms race.

'There will be precious few human rights to enjoy when the fuel runs out. Things just will not go on getting better. Countries will reach the limit of their productivity. But their people will go on shouting for more. More money, more goods, more, more, more. But it will not be there any longer.

'At the same time life gets more and more inhuman. Made and run by huge corporations or government establishments. So huge they are impersonal and soul-killing. And people are becoming tied and dependent on these huge organisations. One major electricity breakdown and millions are helpless. Yes, more and more the good qualities of life are being submerged.

'What has to happen is a

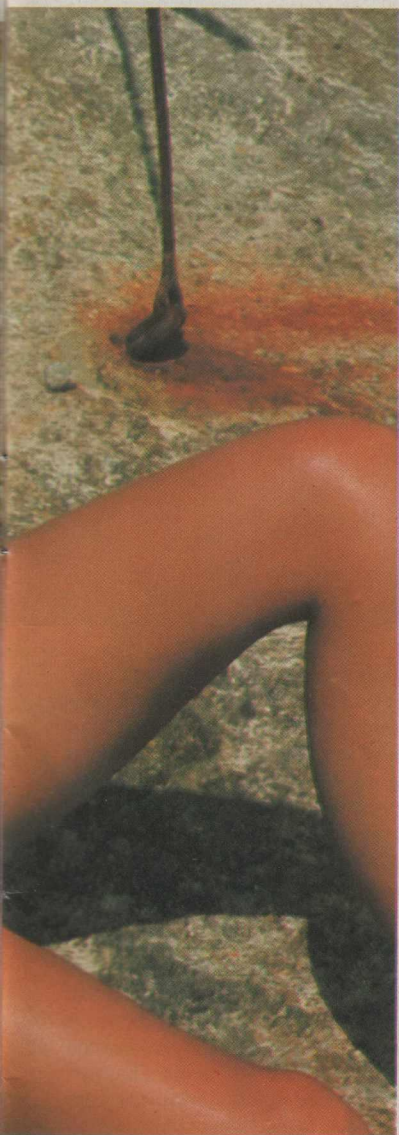


slowing down of the whole thing. We have to replace greed with a sort of contentment based on individual action. People will have to say goodbye to accumulating more and more and seek contentment through older, more conventional means.

What it amounts to is this. Man must change his very nature. The old tooth and claw attitude, ruled by greed and the age old desire to get, has to be replaced by world co-operation.

This is the crunch. Man must change or die. Faced with so bleak an outcome, can he use his head to rule his heart. Can he use his knowledge to save his skin? Naked greed has to be replaced by a better way of living.

'We need a new conception of wealth. A wealthy person would no longer be one who could beat the Stock Exchange. An affluent person would be the one who could make the best use of energy from the sun to heat his home or warm his water. The truly wealthy will be those who have learnt to live in harmony with nature. What better way to start than through nudism.'



ANYONE FOR A MÉNAGE À TROIS ?

FIRST came the eternal triangle.

That's when, according to tradition, you'd have this terrific thing going with Sally, but this other girl had a certain way of turning you on, and you thought hell, a guy might be able to keep it going with two girls. I mean, it can't hurt to give it a try? Which is when the whole damn structure would collapse on top of you, right?

Ah, but that was the *traditional* structure. You've changed and people around you have changed. It's no longer a question of eternal triangles, what with free spirits abounding, and variety as today's essential spice. But there's another, more contemporary tri-

angle that presents its own set of problems: getting it on with two girls at once, in the same place. It *should* be smooth going. After all, possessiveness and knee-jerking jealousy just aren't hip any more, not by the girls you've been seeing, not these days. As one writer suggested, if you ain't getting it in multiples, you ain't getting it.

So just one question: How come you ain't getting it? If everybody else is, why hasn't the modern triangle happened to you? Maybe it's a question of style. You know you'd like to, you've even got a couple of women in mind, but how do these things *work*? How do you get past those first awkward



moments? How do you avoid hurt feelings, clumsy behaviour, bitter goodbyes? Or, put another way, it's hard enough handling your sex life with one other person—so who needs complications?

Oh, you already have complications. You're seeing Sally and she knows you occasionally see another woman. And Tess, of course, knew you were seeing somebody else the first time you asked her out. You've never discussed one woman with the other, but they know, and there's this discomfort in the air, this very subtle pressure. You're beginning to worry about that — you're

going to have to do something. You're going to have to choose and things are going to go sour and somebody is going to get hurt — probably all three of you.

Here's where you might try something new. First, screw up your courage and ask them both to meet you for a drink after work. Introductions, friendly small-talk. A few drinks, and the talk turns a little sexy. The girls aren't dumb; there's *some* reason you asked them both there—if you were going to choose between them, it would surely happen singly. So, if neither Sally or Tess has made any 'Hey, what the hell



The French do it—with considerable skill. Alone in Europe they manage this tricky relationship. The rest of us, while pretending jealousy, reckon the whole subject is best left for what it is—pure fantasy. A few try marriage with more than one. Some are jailed—hardly worth it, says Jonathan Clements.



is this?' noises, you might well be on your way.

Try bringing up the subject hypothetically. There's been another drink, the girls seem to like each other, and you slide into the conversation something about how you've occasionally fantasised making love to both of them at the same time. If you get a couple of smiles, maybe a pair of lowered eyes, you're more than just on your way. Of course, if you notice that four rum and Bacardi's have been splattered in your face, you may presume that this wasn't the right moment.

In any case, let's say the

moment *was* right. As you wait for the bill, everybody is likely to be feeling a bit self-conscious. So feel free about not talking on the way to your flat. Let the sexual tension build. And when you get inside, amid familiar surroundings, you'll want to stoke the fires again. Get the conversation going again, get back to *the* topic. And not just to sex, but to *three-way sex*.

You can get your partners to start thinking about threesomes in a variety of ways. Give them each a triple martini, for example, and do so ostentatiously. When you select a record album, think



'three'—Beethoven's *Third*, Symphony, The Kingston *Trio*, that sort of thing — to show them you're hip but touchingly funny. Make pointed jokes: 'There were these *three* fellows, you see, an Englishman, a Scotsman and an Irishman . . .' And keep pouring the drinks. Of course, you may want to practice a certain moderation regarding the booze. It may loosen inhibitions, but it's also well known that a gentleman throwing up into a bathroom sink soon loses his sexual allure.

Then the time arrives. Don't worry—you'll know. It may be subtle, consisting of a lull in the conversation, a pause 'during which Sally and Tess look at each other and at you and smile and say nothing. Or, it may be less subtle, consisting of both girls taking hold of your trouser leg

and tugging for all they're worth as they sing 'I'm A Woman, W-O-M-A-N!'

(After all, these *are* modern women you go out with, right?) Whatever form the signal takes, the three of you realise the moment has come and you pad your way into the bedroom.

Play a trio

Now. A couple of rules of acknowledgement. Nice as it is to think that the hard work's been done, that you can now dive in with your arms and legs and sexual equipment flailing, it may be useful to remember that there's hardly ever anything like unlimited freedom. There's usually something you can't, or don't want done *to* you. So make sure everybody has the same idea of what's going on, what the general



Problem. Does the *Ménage à Trois* demand two wedding rings?





relationships are. If Tess should somehow get the impression that Sally is your long-lost maternal grandmother, and that you're headed for the bedroom for a family reunion, this could cause problems later on. So remember to stay consistent. You obviously aren't going to want to cop out at the last minute, but don't suddenly switch roles in mid-evening.

The awkward stage

The first potentially awkward moments come at the undressing stage. If that's the case, figure out which girl needs more assurance and make her your priority at this and other stages of the game as well. If, in the interests of fair play, you want to make both girls simultaneously — forget it. Only Rudolph Valentino was graceful enough to undress two women at the same time, and he's somewhat past caring now. If your women are inspired enough to be getting into your bed, they'll be inspired enough to get out of their clothes.

The three of you should be naked, or close enough. This is where your behaviour becomes critical. You've been intimate with both of these women, and they know it. It's up to you to take as much of the awkwardness out of this as possible. Laughter will help, and you can go on making 'three' jokes, or even creating a 'Three Stooges' routine. You might, for instance, poke Sally's nipples, slap Tess loudly on the buttocks and bonk yourself over the head, making sound-effect noises all the while. Don't be ashamed to have anything along that's ever made you comfortable in bed; drink, candles, wine, your teddy bear. Once you relax, lust will prevail.

(An aside: You can start out with a much less tense situation by taking two women who are already friendly to bed. Work on two girls you know closely whom you're sure are confidantes and friends. Or perhaps a pair of sexy Danish au-pair girls. Of course, if you're that much in touch with turning your fantasies into realities, and that smart, you probably don't need to be reading any of this. But stay with it—even the smart can learn new tricks as they go along.)

Since you're the man, you should be in the middle. And not just for reasons of symmetry, important as they may be. The fact is, yours is the depletable resource—damn it!—and the best way to conserve that resource is to do as most millionaires do: Don't use up the good stuff immediately, and let your mind stray now and then to thoughts of tax returns and expense accounts.

Don't focus on genital sex right away—in other words, stifle that natural male impulse to dramatically prove that you're in control when you're not quite. Enjoy some foreplay. Look around. Get used to the super-charged sensation of having more than two people in the bed. This is a time for sensual immersion; use your eyes, nose, mouth, toes, get it all. You've got a twelve-course meal here, not just steak and chips.

Above all, be patient. Don't let your lovemaking look like a human pyramid formed by gymnasts. If it works with everybody doing something to everybody else, great. But if it's clumsy, let go for a second. Take a long look at what's happening. It isn't very often that one gets to see live folk making passionate love. And, by the way, be prepared to be totally ignored at some point while the women discover each other. It's

not a rejection of you; it's just that women find it relatively easy to cross that barrier—don't forget, they were the ones who danced together and first experimented with sex together at school.

The heavy work

The time will soon arrive for heavy work, the way you've always thought it should be. You should keep in mind an earlier

notion; concentrate on the girl who appears less secure. She may be the one you have the more serious relationship with, but maybe not. As for your worry that you may not be able to perform twice or more during the evening, don't get bugged by it. Women know about these things and will be trying to put you at your ease. They will also be as sexy as hell. Also, girls, bless their marvellous little bodies, can be satisfied in lots of ways—orally, manually, and so on.

Still, if you don't perform up to your own expectations, it's probably a bigger deal to you than it is to the women. Don't apologise and swear that 'it never happened before.' These two girls are supposed to know and like you. The big thrill in this sort of thing is supposed to come mainly from skin-contact, the intimate caressing, the sharing of each other. If you can't get it up more than once, you can console yourself with the fact that, in relationships with women, this sort of thing happens constantly to 77-year-old men.

Don't get confused

While we're on the subject, what about the other kind of *ménage à trois*, the one with two men and one woman? Remember you're supposed to be truly liberated. And the truth is, this kind of situation is far more threatening for most people than the other kind of triangle. But, hey—it can work.

Suppose it's you and Sally and a mutual friend, Benny. You're listening to music together, getting high, talking about how much you all like one another. At some point, your girlfriend lets on as to how incredible she thinks it would be if the three of you went to bed together. Benny thinks about it for a couple of minutes and lets on that he wouldn't mind a bit. As for you, well, you haven't been to bed with a fellow since the pipes froze that winter at school. But, admit it, the prospect is turning you on. Okay.

For sure it's not Benny you're going to bed with. It's the lass. What if Benny's along too? Well, haven't you always wondered how the other guy makes out? Why should this remain a mystery for all your life? How do you think your action compares with his? Well, you're about to find out and that could be mighty amusing.

The first thing is to figure out who's exciting you—the idea of you and Benny making love to Sally? Or the idea of running your hands over Benny's bare body? Get it straight in your head early on, or the confusion you generate could cause a real mis-



If the Arabs can satisfy a harem—why not the Europeans?



Keep the old model—but test drive a new one.



But for some, the *vie à deux* is right, more is a crowd.

understanding. The woman is in the middle this time, naturally, and with a little teamwork, even at the foreplay stage, you can both bring her a lot of pleasure. And don't push things with your friend. He may casually touch you or you may brush him, and you'll both be looking to see how your advances are received. The moment you notice *any* signs of rejection or fear in either of you, stop. Of course, if you notice that your friend has just kicked Sally out of bed with both feet, and is going to work on you like crazy, you may well want to re-think things!

Both kinds of triangular sex may give you a chance to satisfy some pretty common fantasies and, while you're at it, change a few relationships that weren't perfect to start with. Having a few guidelines, however lighthearted, shouldn't take the spontaneity out of your encounters. And hell, once you've conquered the complexities of the triangle, there isn't much you won't be able to handle. Next time around, you'll be ready to take on the pentagon.

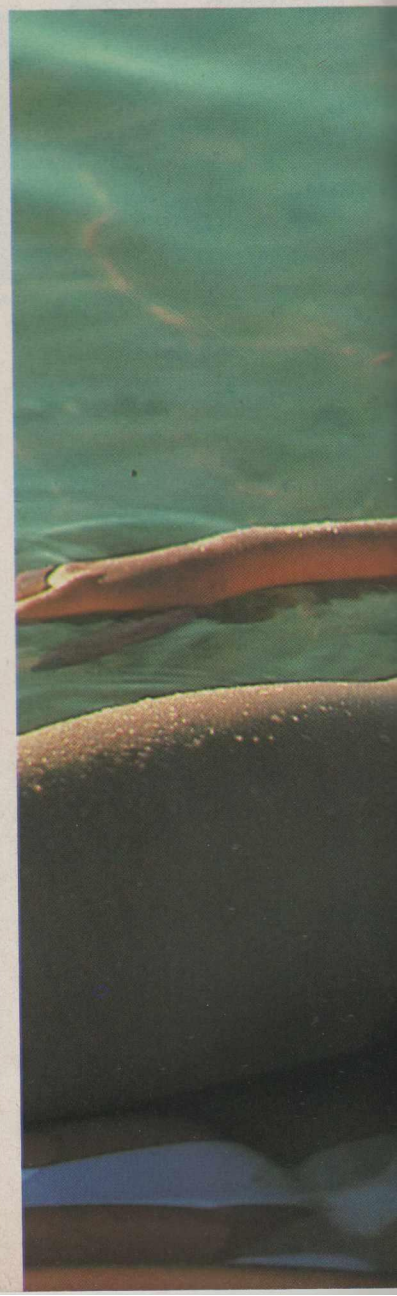


Trobriland Islanders preferred sexual threesomes until the Missionaries came . . .



AT one time it was very fashionable to discuss the pros and cons of sex before marriage. Teenagers went about trying to find an adult to recommend it so that they could do it without feeling guilty and parents came home unexpectedly in the middle of teenage parties to 'accidentally' disrupt any love-play. Two girls were suspended from my school for going to the aid of their teddy-boy boyfriends when a fight broke out in the park and two others were expelled when they told the headmistress that it was their right to openly experiment with sex.

Trying to stop pre-marital sex was so popular a pastime that to the adventurous there was only one problem; finding a place to make love. Once you were married and didn't have to hide your activities, your troubles were over. Nobody suspected that how you made love was important. Only the wise suggested that when you got married your sexual problems were just beginning, not ending. You couldn't easily change partners without risking, especially if you were a woman, the roof over



BEDTIME SECRETS

'I have been married for years . . . My husband often experimented with sex . . . bought blue films and so on . . . now he has gone too far . . . he says he wants me to watch while another man makes love to me . . .' How does Susan Mayfield deal with this reader's tricky question?

your head.

Even today a 1950's attitude will emerge. A lady of 42 writes:

'Society seems to have gone off its head with all this sex business. What has happened to romance lately? I can expect this sort of thing from Health and Efficiency but even the most innocuous magazine has articles about masturbation and oral sex. In the name of 'research' volunteers are expected to copulate in front of 'scientific' observers. How I long

for the old days. On their wedding night a couple moved into the privacy of their bedroom. They shut the door firmly behind them and kept it shut on their own business.'

How very naïve you are! I expect you've always had a happy sex-life and so you can't understand what all the fuss is about. You see, people always DID 'shut the door' on their sex-lives and suffered in silence from such miseries as unconsummated

marriages, impotence, homosexuality, fetishism and so on. Sometimes they even shut the door on their own partners too and refused to talk about it.

Now the lid has been opened on sex, a whole pandora-like collection of trouble and misery has been let loose. I personally estimate it will be some two generations before people sort out their attitudes to sex so that it can be considered openly but in a relaxed way. So do have a bit more

sympathy with those who need to talk about their own sexuality, won't you?

Even the quite young are still associating sex and marriage as inextricably linked. A young divorcee writes:

'After I was divorced I had a few short, unhappy affairs, but now I am living with a man who seems to me to be near perfect. He has asked me to marry him and I feel that I ought to. The trouble is, I remember my ex-husband being a good lover when we were courting, but he soon changed into someone who just wanted his own satisfaction. He never took any pains to please me, I suppose he thought he didn't have to try once we were married. I am terrified that the same thing will happen if I marry this new man. The men I had affairs with were at least honest, they just took their sexual satisfaction and then left. I can't help thinking how awful it would be to be married and taken for granted again. It would break my heart to fail again. My lover keeps dropping hints, but why can't we just carry on as we are?'



I am inclined to agree; why change if you are happy? But I'm not sure that you are. Your lover wants the security of marriage while you have been hurt in the past and are a bit too battle-scarred to gaily throw all caution to the winds.

But there is more to your problem than this. Why do you use words like 'fail?' It takes two to make a bargain or a quarrel. Don't assume that if you are married you will have to put up with whatever your man dishes out; stick up for yourself. I think you should also examine your feelings about commitment. Don't forget that he will be committed to you too, and as obliged to tolerate your faults just as you are obliged to tolerate his. Discuss this with your future husband; he is the one you are living with and I'm sure your sex-life will be improved if you honestly discuss how you feel.

I seem to have a lot of letters from women this month. A young wife writes:

'I have been married for five years, quite happily, especially in bed. My husband has often experimented with sex—he has brought blue films home and so on—but now he has gone too far. He says he wants to watch while another man makes love to me. I dread to think which of his friends he is thinking of and I just do not want to make love to a perfect stranger who might well be awful and give me V.D. My husband insists he would love me so much if I would just do this little thing for him. Am I right or wrong to feel repulsed by this idea?'

Young wives' problems

Of course you are not right or wrong. If you genuinely find the idea repulsive I think your husband should stop pursuing the matter. But you tell me that your

marriage is a happy one, 'especially in bed' and I suspect that your husband knows you better than anyone. It's my bet that although you find this idea repulsive, you also find it exciting as well.

May I suggest a compromise? Tell your husband that you insist on vetting the man first yourself—in private? Your husband may well then decide that his fantasy is not such a good idea after all. Or you could show him the following letter:

'I am writing this letter as a warning to other wives who may be so much in love, as I was, that they will do anything to please their husbands. Mine suggested to me that we should go to a wife-swapping party. I was completely against it, but it seemed to mean so much to him that in the end I agreed. Off we went, there was a great deal of drinking going on, a man approached me and we went

to a bedroom. Well Susan, I enjoyed myself hugely, only it was so impersonal—never even got to know his name. When my husband and I got home, he was in a really bad temper, apparently he had persuaded a woman to go with him but it had been a disaster as he was not man enough to go through with it. Perhaps I shouldn't have told him about my enjoyable experience, but I did, and he held it against me for months afterwards. I am not joking when I say that in the end it broke our marriage up and when the papers came accusing me of adultery I did not contest or defend the divorce. But how I wish I had stuck to my guns and not gone to that wretched party.'

You are of course, absolutely right, doing things solely to please someone else, even a much-loved partner, is not a good idea. But what really broke your marriage up was your husband's silly masculine pride. He was willing to trade you in so that he could satisfy his own need for sexual variety and then when everything went wrong, he blamed you instead of himself. Maybe he thought that sexual experience was one thing for men but another for women until this sad party proved him wrong. What can I suggest? You could try and contact your husband again in order to make a fresh start, but I honestly think his pride was so wounded he will probably never forgive you.

The flirting wife

And now, the male side of things:

'Do you think my wife is going through an early change of life? She is 45 and honestly, looks ten years younger. She always used to be the ideal sexual partner for me, as keen as I was, but just lately I'm lucky if I get it once a month. What annoys me is that when we're among friends, she is the biggest flirt, the biggest 'tease' that you could imagine. Then she turns right off the minute we get home. She refuses to talk about it and seems completely unaware of any change in herself. She's driving me mad with this contrary behaviour.'

No, I don't think these symptoms have anything to do with the change of life specifically, but I do think your wife is having problems with her sexuality. I suspect that she is worrying about getting old and losing her sex-appeal. She seems to be looking for approval for her sexy self from your friends which makes her sound rather lonely—why is she not getting all the approval, reassurance and affection that she needs from you? If you are too busy complaining that she is not



Beauty and the thorns. Vulnerable flesh is subject to pain—but so is the heart.

sexy enough, it is bound to make her worse.

So I advise you to give her as much love and attention that you can, of a romantic sort. Pile on the candle-lit suppers, feminine gifts routine. Make no sexual demands at all, let her come to you when she wants to make love. If things don't improve quite quickly though, get your wife to see her doctor. Middle-age blues can often cause these sort of problems.

Practical advice

My last letter is a plea for more practical advice:

'We have been married for two years and although I can give my wife a sexual climax with my hand we have never been able to reach satisfaction simultaneously while having intercourse. Can you suggest any techniques with this in mind?'

Yes, I can, and I'm so pleased that you thought enough of your wife's pleasure to write and ask. But please remember that a mutual climax is not the only test of good love-making!

You could try any position that leaves you or your wife free to stimulate her manually. She could kneel with you behind her, so that your hands are free to caress her front; or perhaps you would both be more comfortable if you lay on your sides, in the 'spoons' position. Alternatively, your wife could lie on top of you, half kneeling. She could adjust her position so that she has the degree of penetration just right for her and at the same time you could stroke her clitoris, or she could herself if she likes to, which would leave you more free to look after your own climax. And before, or after, or instead of all that, you could remember that the good old 69 position has a lot to recommend it!

A CHANCE TO TELL YOUR STORY

Writers who can contribute articles with a Nudist/Naturist slant are invited to submit 1,000 to 2,000 words for consideration. All approaches considered including:

A nudist experience, attitude or accident.

Humour in relation to Nudity, Nudism or similar situation.

Nudity in Art, Life, History, Literature or Entertainment.

Nudist philosophy or attitudes to life as seen by the 'naked' eye.

Sex and attitudes thereto seen through eyes which regard nakedness as natural and not sinful.

The future and Nudity.

Health, Ecology and Conservation with a Nudist slant.

Colour transparencies and/or black and white prints. Payment £30 to £35 per article according to Editor's assessment.

**A young lass whose
happy, adjusted
well-being shines
through.**





Dear Joan: Dig This!

What is it like to join a nudist club? What thoughts go through your head, what hopes, what fears? How do you find things when you first strip? Do the nudes around turn you on? Or off? Janet Robins found out and wrote her thoughts to an old friend.

Then she sent us a copy.

DEAR Joan,
You remember when I last wrote I mentioned we were thinking about joining our local nudist friends at their club. Well, now we have done it! No, you are quite wrong. We haven't gone out of our minds. And we haven't

joined the swingers. It's nothing like that at all.

I know you'll be full of curiosity about it all so settle back and I'll spill the beans.

Actually making up our minds to join was the hardest bit. It is so easy to just refuse to put oneself







out. The very idea of being undressed in front of *men* as well as women is enough to put off the average mum. But it was something I couldn't duck, since as you know John has been onto me for months about it. He even got the kids ganging up on me. Telling them what a marvellous place it was. I think he even hinted that there would be unlimited free supplies of Coke when (not if, notice) we joined.

Well the first step was for John to get in touch with the club. He wrote and eventually we met another married couple who lived (surprise, surprise) just down the street.

This made things so much easier. You see they were just like us. Dot, that's her name, told me it was easy to get over the first embarrassment of being undressed. I didn't believe her, but I can tell you it's true. But what really swayed me was her point about the kids. She said there were fewer and fewer places where kids could play safely and out of all danger. And that's certainly true round here as you know. But in the club the kids can come to no harm. In truth they can't even get out of the place!

So the great day came. John and the kids of course were out of their clothes and into the swimming pool in a few seconds. On the other hand I just couldn't do it like that. But after hanging about for an hour fully dressed and seeing I was the only one dressed at all, I just couldn't stand it any longer. So off they came!

Soon I was chatting with other couples and meeting new friends. You know, I actually forgot I was undressed. I had been frightened that my figure would look awful. Having kids is not exactly beautifying. But I was no worse and no better than the other mums. Well, perhaps a few were better. I have been putting on a bit of weight lately. Must do something about it. You see . . . first benefit . . . I start to look after my health. The other thing I couldn't help noticing was how brown some of the couples were. I felt weedy white. Must do something about that too. One very brown couple I spoke with told me they had just returned from Dubrovnik—of all places. Seems you can get a package tour, via Jumbo every Tuesday. Nudist beaches everywhere they said. I don't believe it. Surely the commies can't do

'The idea of being undressed in front of men . . . is enough to put off the average Mum.'



things better than we manage here?

Anyhow resolved to buy a sun lamp so that I can look like a veteran as soon as possible. I said John took to it at once. But he later told me he wasn't all that cock sure. In fact it was something in that region which worried him. And I must say some of the single girls at the club are darned attractive looking. Apparently that's why he got into the pool so quickly.

From the pool he could take a good look around and get accustomed to the unusualness of it all. He confides that some of the girls do indeed turn him on. But there's a deal of difference between appreciating youthful beauty and wanting to shack up with it. I reckon that John is going to be turned on by young women wherever he is. So if I let that worry me I won't have time to enjoy myself. And just between us Joan, there are a few cracking men. Just a little fantasy now and again does no one any harm. And while I'm on with confidences, you know our sex life is always better after a day at the club. John says it's all the healthy exercise, but I think it's got something to do with us both seeing a lot of attractive bodies. Is that wrong?

And talking about sex, apart from my few little fantasies, there is darn little evidence of anything going on at all. In fact I sometimes think our Nudist friends are too pure to be true. Sometimes I have thought that just being a nudist brings its own hang-ups. They are scared stiff of physical contact. And sometimes I get the impression their gaze is fixed too steadily on the face as if they were frightened they might be caught looking at some place more interesting! To tell the truth, Nudists are disappointingly like just about everyone else.

One good thing about the club is that you can arrange to build your own cabin. Last week-end we rented one already there and stayed from Friday night through Sunday. It really is the life when you can get a few days in like that. To really sleep and eat and live in the country. The air is so good. The food tastes like nothing at home. In the evening we used the barbecue as you'll see in the snaps I'm enclosing. It's years since I enjoyed myself so much. As for the kids, they just loved that food.

And talking about kids, I've been amazed how easily they took to the whole thing. You would think seeing a lot of naked men and women around would come as a pretty big shock, wouldn't you. But not at all. In fact they appear to enjoy the place as though they were born to it. Of



The Club: a place to play—free from the menace of modern traffic.

course kids make friends more easily than adults and I think that has something to do with it. And then several of the fellows really do spoil them.

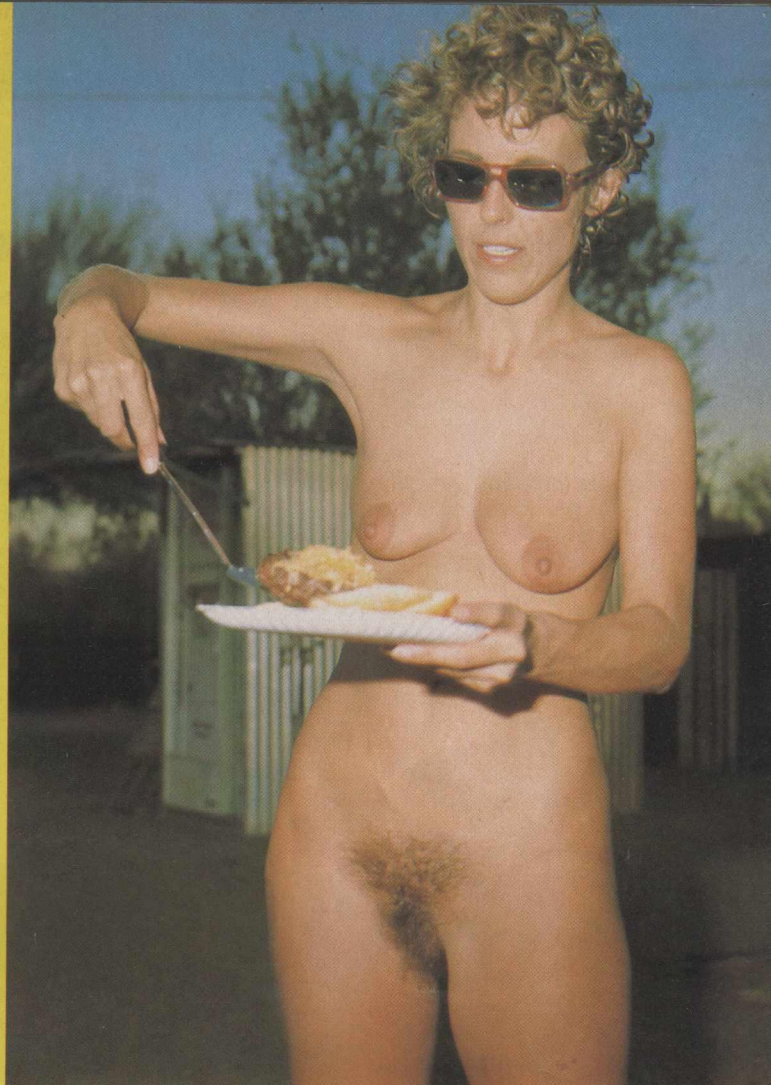
There is something else I think will be a good thing. You know how curious kids are about sex. Well, I'm not sure that the so-

called sex education in schools is much good. I mean it's a bit silly the teacher doing drawings to illustrate the difference between a man and a woman—don't you think?

At the club the kids are going to grow up knowing just what other boys and girls look like. And

for that, what grown men and women look like. I guess that's a pretty healthy thing. I remember when I was young, I had the weirdest idea of what a naked man looked like. The boys were just as lost. I vaguely think I can remember playing 'You show me yours, and I'll show you mine'





games. For kids in a nudist camp that game could have little attraction.

The only thing that worries me is that children will chatter their heads off. I'm just a little apprehensive of what the neighbours would think if they knew we were nudists. I suppose that shows that I'm not really completely converted yet, because if I was I wouldn't care who knew. Anyhow, I know for certain that the Smith's across the road go to swapping parties. They have even invited us to join them. The cheek! But as I was saying, if they are not afraid of everyone knowing about them, why should I worry about my harmless adventure.

There's another thing I like about this new fun of ours. Did you know, Joan, that there are dozens of nudist clubs scattered all over the country. More than that, they are scattered all over the world. Once you belong to one, you are free to visit others. There are even quite a lot of 'camps' where you can enjoy a luxury holiday with accommodation up to the best hotel standard! Hope I haven't bored. Next time you call, we'll show you it all—in the flesh.

Love,

Janet.



CORSICANA

THE first time I went to Corsicana there was a fence around the place. At the entrance a gate. A formidable gate. You took one look at it and wondered if you had come to a concentration camp.

I remember the coach stopped. I waited for a password to be yelled aloud. Nothing like that happened. Suddenly the gate swung open and we were welcomed with music and signs saying 'Welcome to Corsicana.'

It was an idyllic holiday. All they had then were the small bungalows perched towards the beginning of the beach. On the beach itself were the famous 'A' huts. So called because their shape resembled this letter.

The beach itself could hardly be bettered. Strangled the sand, instead of being white tended to a greyness. But this did nothing to spoil the fun. If anything it made things better. You see the colour caused it to soak up more of the sun's heat.

Perhaps the beach is a little narrow, but it makes up for this by its length. Right next door lay another resort, 'Tropica.' But there were no fences cutting one off from the other. So far as the visitor was aware they were one and the same place.

The camp was founded around fifteen years ago. At first progress was slow. But then Karl Andreas Hoffman and his wife Jutta decided to concentrate their entire

One Mayor of a Corsican town passes his spare time trying to paint rogue nudists blue. But in organised holiday resorts the nudists bring Corsica a welcome supply of money. What is it like there? Corsicana, one of the older resorts, provides a standard envied the world over. Lance Ridgeway finds no gates and no barriers—so come on in—you are welcome.

energies on developing the resort. The results were remarkable.

From a really primitive establishment, Corsicana has quickly caught up with the 20th century. Electricity, gas and water is laid on, and consequently all modern amenities are available.

Right from the start the policy has been to provide a variety of accommodation. Today almost every type of living accommodation found in cities can be found at Corsicana. Consider the bungalows for instance. Right at the bottom of the scale is the basically two-room type with sleeping and eating provision. No toilets. But these are grouped separately in nearby ablution blocks.

As you move up the scale you have more and more well-appointed bungalows until you come to the multi-roomed luxury job that you could happily spend a life-time in. To tell the truth, Corsicana has any number of full-time residents. Usually older folk who have found it a wonderful place to spend the evening of

their lives. Depending on what you want to pay. Naturally the more luxurious the accommodation the greater the cost.

Today Corsicana has moved a long distance from its original clump of bungalows situated in what became known as the Village. On a recent visit I was hard put to recognise anything of the old place. For a start that heavy, frightening gate had gone long ago. In place of the small two-person gate house had grown a large, many roomed administration block complete with all the offices that usually go with an office centre.

The most striking thing was, that having removed the gate, they put nothing back. You can walk into Corsicana with nothing to stop you. This is particularly strange when you consider that the camp right next door, which forms part of the terrain has the old fashioned barrier. Admittedly it is just a boom lowered over the entrance road, but it serves to show the striking differences be-

tween the resorts.

And having mentioned this it may be as well to say a few words about Tropicana later in this article. For the moment we must return to the development in Corsicana. The Village now sports long slabs of row housing. For the life of me I cannot imagine why. Now you could well imagine yourself walking down the street of some newly formed town. This is hardly back to Nature. It's surely a flight from Nature. On the other hand I have to admit that it is one way of providing the maximum amenity at the minimum cost.

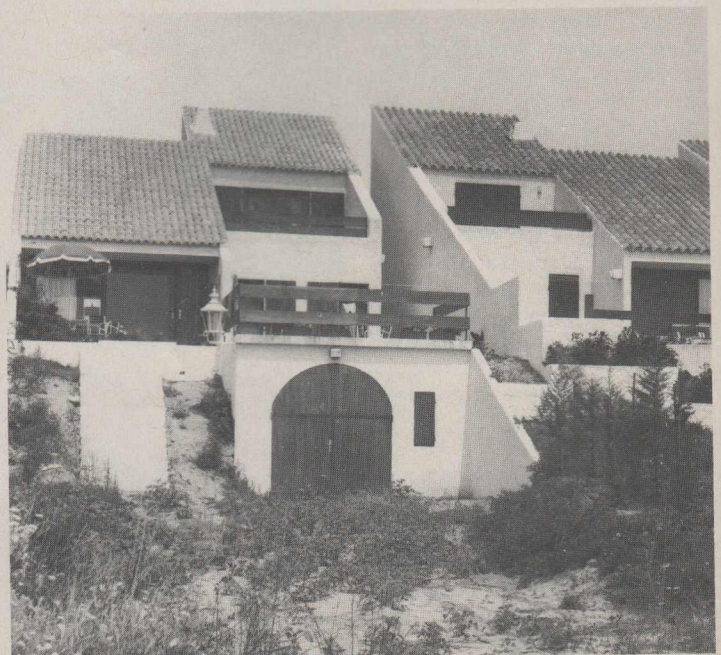
After the development of the Village came new parts of Corsicana—namely the Foret and the Centre.

The Foret is a small township of bungalows. We are back to nature again. But in the Foret we keep to ourselves. The bungalows are cunningly concealed from one another by a lush growth lovingly planted and cherished for years by the same person who now runs The Cascade—a resort you might not have heard of, situated in the hill behind Le Moulin some miles south.

The bungalows here are so well screened that you can have difficulty finding any specific one. I spent about half-an-hour looking for some friends and in the end only stumbled on them by luck. The bungalows here are privately owned. Some owners live there permanently but there are



The busy Management, Shopping and Excursion Booking Centre at the gates to Corsicana.



Nudist Camps are outdated. This is how they live it up at Corsicana Centre.



Behind them the warm sea. In front of them the hot sun. No wonder they are laughing.

arrangements whereby they can be let out to visitors during the high season. The whole area struck me as being particularly quiet and reserved. Quite different from the bustling Village.

Finally, we come to the latest development—The Centre. This is the most city-looking part of all Corsicana. Mostly complex buildings containing the inevitable apartments. I have nothing to say against them except that they would never do for me. I suppose

I'm a backwoodsman. The idea of living in a city-like apartment while on a nudist holiday repels me.

Not that I turn my back on civilisation and its comforts. But there is a half-way house—somewhere between barbarism and civilisation that is my ideal. I think it can still be found at Corsicana. But you will have to look for that in the Village rather than in the newer centres.

Coming back now to Tropica.

I believe it was truly the first nudist resort on Corsica. Later Corsicana was born out of Tropica in much the same way as Eve was born from Adam. But the differences are profound. Tropica has stayed very much as it was in the beginning. Of course there have been developments and improvements. They are going on all the time. But they are of a different nature.

Tropica has concentrated on slow but sure improvement. It

has hardly grown at all since the early days. To many, that is more comforting than the wild expansion of its brash neighbour. The original gateway is still there. As I said it still has a barrier across the entrance, symbolic though it may be. And all this appeals to some. For instance, I saw one fellow so keen on the closed gate that whenever anyone left it open, he hastened to close it. He had nothing to do with the administration. He just liked it *closed*.

The result is that Tropica tends, in my view, to attract an older crowd than its neighbour. If you are over 40 you may find yourself more at home here. And Tropica, having found its own particular niche, lives very well indeed. Many thought it would be absorbed by the faster moving Corsicana, but I would think that unlikely now.

There is still no real barrier between the two places and unless you are informed you may well think they are one and the same. True, the vegetation has grown to such an extent that an artificial barrier appears to exist, but it is not real.

Now what about your life at the resort? It is nudist. There is little more to add. Corsicana has the usual restaurant and scattering of shops. So does Tropica. But it is hardly the place for any night-life. True, there are restaurants and cafes within reach. But not easily. Unless you have a car you will find an early night to bed the best entertainment.

Years ago, until it burnt down, there was the most hectic beach dunes primitive restaurant where you could eat and drink every night, served by the most beautiful nudist girls. Girls indeed who grew visibly more beautiful with every bottle of Vin Ordinaire they fetched you. A bonfire of drift wood made the centre-piece and all sat at tables around it. The flames licked towards a starry sky and painted even the most brown face red. There is a need today for something a little like that. Something a little off-beat. Something not quite well run. Something where you feel anything might happen. A wild passionate dance perhaps. A thorough booze-up. An orgy. But hush, I go too far. It's just that in all this order and regular harmony, sometimes the spirit yearns for something really wild and outlandish.

The days are made for sunning and looking at the brown bodies around you. The beach is wonderful, the water silky and warm as only the Mediterranean can be. As a back drop you have strong,

silent mountains behind you. Silent? Well most of the time. But when they turn on a thunderstorm, the noise is unbelievable. Mountains of course have clouds, and so do these. But these mountains and clouds are fortunately closely attached. And so long as things remain like that, your weather will be perfect. Should the clouds leave the mountain tops and approach—take cover.

But most of the summer, sunshine is almost guaranteed. Certainly Corsicana is one of the world's best and most influential of Nudist resorts. Well worth a visit. For more information you should write to:

Club Corsicana, Linguissetta, 20320-San Nicolao, Corse, France. For Tropicana: SARL, Tropica Serv., 20230-San Nicolao, Corse, France.

The cost of taking a car from the mainland to the island is enough to warrant local hiring. A useful way to travel is 'Fly-Drive.' Your car is at the airport and part of the hire is free.



If we ask to be models do you think we will get into H.&E? The beach at Corsicana is a nudist photographer's paradise.



Some artists say the hairless body is more pleasing—akin to Greek sculpture.



DEPILATE NOW!

HERE'S a flight of advertising fancy!

VALERIE: 'Sheila darling—whatever's the matter?'

SHEILA (in tears): 'Oh, Val dear, it's Mark... he's... he's left me and broken off our engagement!'

V: 'Goodness—I am sorry! It's difficult to believe—such a dear boy and so devoted to you... Has something dreadful happened?'

S: 'No, not really... you see, it's a bit... intimate. I don't think I can really tell you!'

V: 'Do try, darling... I'm sure I can help.'

S: 'Well, you see—he's seen me with nothing on... for the first time... and now he says he can't stand girls who have hair on their bodies.'

V: 'But, Sheila, haven't you ever heard about NAYREE?'

S: 'No... I haven't... do tell me.'

V: (whispers).

(A fortnight later)

V: 'Hello, Sheila... why, you're looking positively radiant today. Have you got any good news?'

S: 'Indeed I have, darling... it's

'She was excessively hirsute. Her hair reached up to her navel. It lay thick between the thighs...'
How would you like that problem? And what could you do about it? John Morton grits his teeth and tackles the hairy pudenda at its worst. Not all will agree with his argument—but it offers a certain challenge.

all coming right... I took your advice and Mark's back with me now, and look... (displays engagement ring).

V: 'Congratulations, Sheila... and all the very best!'

S: 'Yes, I'm on top of the world... since I got rid of all that unsightly body-hair!'

V: 'Sheila, you're a sensible girl. It'll all be wonderful now, I know! (thinks: thanks to NAYREE.)'

GIRLS... don't let unsightly body-hair spoil your future happiness... try NAYREE—the new depilatory... safe, pleasant, secure... and look your best with nothing on!

Yes... a flight of fancy... today.

But it's a poor sportsman who can't back his fancy. I'd be prepared to lay a bet that advertisements like this will appear in women's magazines within a few years. It's surprising the cosmetics-wallah's haven't rumbled that they're missing an opportunity to make a fortune, with the slogan, maybe—'Depilate—Now!'

Hitherto, women afflicted with delicate problems of this nature have been left to solve their own problems. Many would sympathise with the plight of one Miss J. W. who wrote for advice. She wanted to know about shaving her pubic hair. She was excessively hirsute. Her hair reached up to her

navel. It lay thick between the thighs and over the vulva. She was ashamed to wear a bikini. The hair showed over the top and worked out below. Her best friend advised her to shave it off. Should she?

The reply was hardly encouraging. Miss J. W. was told that hair on the body is due to constitutional factors and nothing can be done about it. Some depilatory agents (lotions and creams) can be irritating to the skin and must be kept away from delicate parts such as the vagina. Razors are best. Of course the hair grows again and the growth can be uncomfortable and prickly. Shaving can do no harm, but it has to be repeated regularly. The bother may not be worth the advantage. (In other words, you're wasting your time—and ours.)

And this is where we naturists come in!

To depilate—or not to depilate. To my knowledge, nudists have argued about this for more years than I care to remember. The controversy goes back to the dawn of nudism. For a time, the pro-

But what would happen
if the girls were con-
sistent and shaved their
heads?



depilation school had it all their own way. Nudism, they said, means total revelation: nothing must be concealed. All must be laid bare; and this applies, quite definitely, to those parts of the human body already covered with hair. (It must be remembered that in those early days it was accepted that sex must never, never be mentioned in nudist circles. Doubtless the pioneers were aware of the erotic significance of pubic hair.) Certainly there was at least one club in Britain (in the Thirties) that insisted that all members—male and female alike—should remove their body-hair before they could be admitted. The battle was lost before it was joined. I suspect that laziness and indolence defeated principle. At any rate, by the time I joined my first sun club—somewhere about 1935—depilation was a lost cause. So it has remained. Even the most dedicated nudists must wonder sometimes at the point of flogging such a dead horse! During a lifetime's experience of nudism, both at home and abroad, I have observed hundreds of naked women. At a guess, the number of

shaven pubes could be counted on the fingers of one hand. Depilation is now confined to professional models and a few harmless eccentrics.

All the same, the subject has a curious fascination. Why, for instance, do we *have* pubic hair? What purpose does it serve? Various explanations have been promulgated. None of them is entirely satisfactory. The most plausible is that the female pubic hair serves as a come-hither signal. It suggests the female of the species is ready for copulation and for the reproduction of her kind. This may have been true of primitive man. However, we have long since advanced from the dawn of mankind when devices such as these might have been necessary. Why, then, hasn't Nature long since discarded her pubic signals? The explanation throws no light on the surprising variety and texture of body-hair, nor does it indicate why certain races (South American Indians, for example) are practically hairless. (Amongst these tribes, the sight of a naked white woman



Male chauvinist pigs steadfastly refuse to join such feminine capers.



The happy nudist carries redundant clothes — or hair?

arouses a deal of merriment.) However, there's no doubt about the erotic fascination of pubic hair. Forests of feminine thatch that sprout every month in the columns of the male glossies hardly arrive by accident. Strip-tease girls are known never to depilate (even to the extent of leaving other hair on view.)

The anti-hair school can call upon the support of Sigmund Freud. He had no use for the appearance of the genitals. He said the hair surrounding the sex organs is plainly a relic of our animal origin. This view is not accepted by anthropologists. I

don't suppose many women would be flattered by the idea that they still carry around a bit of the original monkey between their thighs. True, Freudians go further. They maintain that the desire to shave their hair is infantile and regressive. A man who wants his mistress to shave her body is in the grip of an unconscious desire to rape little girls! He looks upon women as helpless dolls, subservient to his every whim. (By the same token, I suppose, the man who likes a woman with a generous growth has an unconscious desire to be dominated.) However, Dr. Freud



was hopelessly man-orientated and his followers can't be expected to understand the woman who depilates simply to please herself.

The strangest view maintained by the pro-pubic-hair school of thought is that depilation is 'unnatural.' This seems quite incomprehensible to me. If there is one generalisation that can safely be made about women, it is that they are never, never satisfied with Nature! From the dawn of history, women have been playing around with their appearance. Cosmetics and tweezers have been found in the female tombs of ancient Egypt. Greek women plucked their eye-

brows two thousand years ago. From the earliest periods women have worn wigs and hairpieces. They have reddened their cheeks and lips; shaved their armpits and painted their toe-nails. What could be more 'unnatural' than drilling a hole through the lobe of the ear in order to wear earrings? In the light of these facts it's ridiculous to suggest the removal of the pubic thatch is contrary to Nature!

The case for depilation is remarkably strong. Consider, for instance, the delicate business of personal hygiene. It is certain that pubic hair is a trap for infectious

matter. It has to be removed prior to any major abdominal operation. At the greatest moment of her life, when the birth of her child is imminent, the woman's body-hair is shaved away. From the point of view of hygiene, depilation is an unmixed blessing.

Further, the departure of the pubic hair does wonders for a girl's personal appearance. The presence of hair on an otherwise smooth and shapely body seems all wrong. John Phillifent, writing on this subject in *H.&E.* as long ago as August 1971, expressed the male psychological reaction very well:

'One day a man confronts a woman quite naked and suddenly he's aware of the beard in her lap. It jars! . . . The shaggy patch not only shakes the image, it threatens his exclusive sense of manhood . . . Most men, if they are honest, will admit that a clean-lined, clean-shaven nude female is more attractive, more feminine, somehow more 'right' . . .'

This is well said! Occasionally pictures of shaven girls appear in the columns of *H.&E.*, and very attractive they are. Many men would say that their appearances would be *improved* if they remained conventionally thatched.

DRAMATIC PROBLEM

The Greeks love the tourists' money. But they love not the 60 million annual visitors. Especially those who like to sunbathe nude or swim naked in the warm seas. The Greek courts record of fining nude swimmers is unsurpassed. This summer they even got an English sherriff and his wife. How sad that this country, once famous for its nude olympics, should reach this state. To prevent the mental pollution the Orthodox Church has published 24 prayers to be used by Monks and Nuns day and night. It includes the following: 'Lord Jesus Christ, Son of God, have mercy on the cities, the islands and the villages of our Orthodox Fatherland, as well as the old monastries, which are scourged by the worldly touristic wave. Grace us with the solution of this dramatic problem and protect our brethren who are sorely tried by the modernistic spirit of these contemporary invaders.'

Sorely tried indeed. Better than prayer would be a hearty dip in the nude. Monks and Nuns together with a few nudists to lead the way. They could emerge graced with the solution to their 'dramatic problem.'

The pubic hair also inhibits the aesthetic appraisal of the genitals. It is undeniable that to some extent the hair can't avoid obscuring the delicious lines of the vulva. Here is a part of the feminine body that is truly beautiful. As exquisite a piece of natural jewellery as could be devised. No man in his senses would wish this lovely thing to be hidden. And the erotic aspect of depilation is no less important. If a girl depilates, it's evidence that she cares, not only about the appearance of her genitalia, but about their physical impact. This is something that matters a good deal in the fulfilment of sexual love.

The case for depilation then, is firmly established. Why does performance lag so far behind? Part of the trouble lies in the absence of a convincing lead from the female sex. The writer knows that an article, however eloquent, from a male hand is unlikely to convince any hirsute female of her error. And it has to be admitted that she gets little encouragement from the female writers in H.&E. It is clear that Jean Scott and Susan Mayfield are no friends of depilation. For that matter, does Dorothy Coulson shave? Or Ada Payne? Or Ann Roberts? Nobody knows! One would have thought room could



Are the benefits of the smoooooth pudenda worth the hazards of the razor? This girl obviously thinks so. She prefers any fur to stay on the rug.

For Peak Performance

AP (Blakoe-BGP) provide the best and most discreet service in Sex/Health Products. Their exciting stock includes only research backed quality tested products:—The famous Blakoe Energiser — Phrodisine — Overones — Testrones. All products carry a full money back guarantee. This service is unique and for those who want a better and healthier life at work and play—it is only as far as your post box—

**to:- Associated Preparations
Dept. HEF
P.O. Box 53,
Cheam, Sutton, Surrey**

Please send details of your products and current special offer post free to:-

Name

Address

be found for an article *by a woman for women*, answering some of the obvious questions. How to do it? When to do it? Is it safe? Is it pleasant? And—last, but not least—how much does it cost?

Genital aesthetics—what's that?

Unfortunately, the sad fact remains that only a tiny proportion of women in Britain are readers of H.&E. For any hope of success the case for depilation must be presented in a wider field. What more appropriate than to find Sheila and Valerie appearing in the women's magazines? The subject is a 'natural,' not only for a cosy editorial chat, but for the heart-throb pages.

('Dear Miss Homely: Please tell me what to do? My boyfriend wants me to shave off all the hair on my body. Would it be right to take it off all those intimate bits? I don't want to disappoint him but...')

('Of course, foolish child; you must please him and when you do so you will also please yourself...')

What a chance, too, for the copy-writers! There are obvious opportunities in the sphere of romance, as the adventures of Sheila and Valerie have already shown. Alternatively, there's the appeal to snobbery: ('Smart women always depilate, avers Countess Olgavitch, interviewed by our representative in her luxurious West End flat.') Most potent, doubtless, is the appeal to fear: ('Be sure you don't offend—nice girls are never, never hairy!')

The possibilities are endless—the end product delightful to envisage. Let us hope that the naturist Press will pull its punches no longer and that the women's magazines will respond. To achieve universal depilation amongst Western women would be a feather in the naturist cap. At any rate, that modest bet still stands!

Well, you can always compromise
—not too little; not too much.





PHOTO CLUB

Our competitions are open to all readers. There are three categories where the prizes are: First £10, Second £5 and Third £3. They are **Female Beauty**, **Group Pictures** and **Men**. In addition there is a **Special Class** to cover any other Nudist subject. The prizes are: First £10, Second £5 and Third £3. You must put your name and address on the back of every print or attached to the cover of your colour slide. Also we must have your assurance that the subject agrees to publication. Note that we cannot use colour prints, only transparencies. Black and white prints are not returned unless specially requested and stamped and addressed envelope or international postage coupons enclosed.

CAMERAS-THE COST.

First thoughts are of equipment. Usually, you expect better results from the more expensive camera. Not always so, says Murray James. What you pay for may be extra speed, or automation or other non-essentials. Happily, excellent nudist photographs can be taken with equipment costing little more than the cheapest.

LAST month we opened the new series of our photographic instruction course with a look at some suitable cameras for figure work.

We said then that almost any camera would do. When it comes to figure work all cameras are equal. But almost immediately we qualified that with an Orwellian — 'some cameras are more equal than others.'

And to my way of photography the camera taking eight or twelve pictures on a roll of 120 film, is pretty nearly ideal. Especially if it is a twin lens reflex. Sadly, this once extremely popular type is rarely seen today. The amateur today prefers the smaller (sometimes) and usually lighter 35 mm variety.

So let us take a look at some of these. As with the cameras we looked at last month, you can pay almost any price. At the cheap end of the market you have the basic 35 mm camera with few or no refinements. As you climb the price range, the cameras offer more facilities. These range from automatic exposure setting to motor drives and interchangeable backs.

But it is worth saying that what you are really interested in—the picture produced—will differ little whether produced by the most or the least expensive camera. This may come as a surprise. After all, if you pay say £40 for one camera, and £400 for another, you would expect the product of the latter to be superior.

In all likelihood it will be—to the eye of scientific measuring instruments. The lens on the more expensive camera will probably do wonderful sounding things

like resolving a hundred or more lines per inch. It will impress the laboratory worker, but what about you?

And there is the difficulty. It is very likely that if I were to show you two identical pictures, one taken with a £40 Russian made Zenith camera and the other with a £400 Leica, you would be hard put to tell the difference.

Recently I put this to the test. I took out two cameras to my sun club. The first was a twenty-five-year old and very battered Zeiss Baby Ikonta. The other was the latest automatic Pentax. My model was a club member who obligingly sat at the pool's edge.

I used each camera alternately trying to duplicate the same picture on each camera. I then processed the results finishing with several 10 in. by 8 in. glossy prints. For each pose I had two pictures, one taken with the cheap and ancient camera, the other with the latest wonder model. The experienced eye might just be able to tell which was taken with the expensive camera, but it would need to be a very experienced eye indeed. Even then it could be wrong.

For the editor of a nudist journal when presented with the results chose one taken by the old, cheap camera! How can this be? I think the answer is something like this. Lens design reached a high standard many years ago. After all, the famous Tessar lens goes right back to 1922. Since then millions of these lenses have been produced. Perhaps no one will ever know all the names it has carried. It is the same story with other designs.

It is important to remember that advances are made at the boundaries. So lens performance at maximum aperture may be improved from one year to another while still maintaining performance at more usual apertures. But as a photographer concerned with figure work, and mostly in the sunshine, you should never need a wide aperture.

Moreover, it is the wide aperture you pay for when you buy a camera. Many years ago the popular camera had a lens aperture of f6.3. By our standards this was slow indeed. Especially when you consider that films in those days were much slower than now.

So it became a great selling point to produce a camera with a 'faster' lens. That is one which could work at f4.5 or even f3.5. The process has continued until today we have common lenses two or four times as fast.

But at the same time ordinary roll film was improving. It became finer grained. It became faster too. The end result, as far as we are concerned was that you had cameras costing a great deal of money because they came with a lens far better than you would ever want for figure work.

During the course of these lessons I will be repeating typical exposure times for figure work using named films. These will usually be in the order of 1/125 of a second at an aperture of f8 or f11. Which proves that you do not need the lens which is expensive because it can open up to an aperture of better than f3.5. But more of that later.

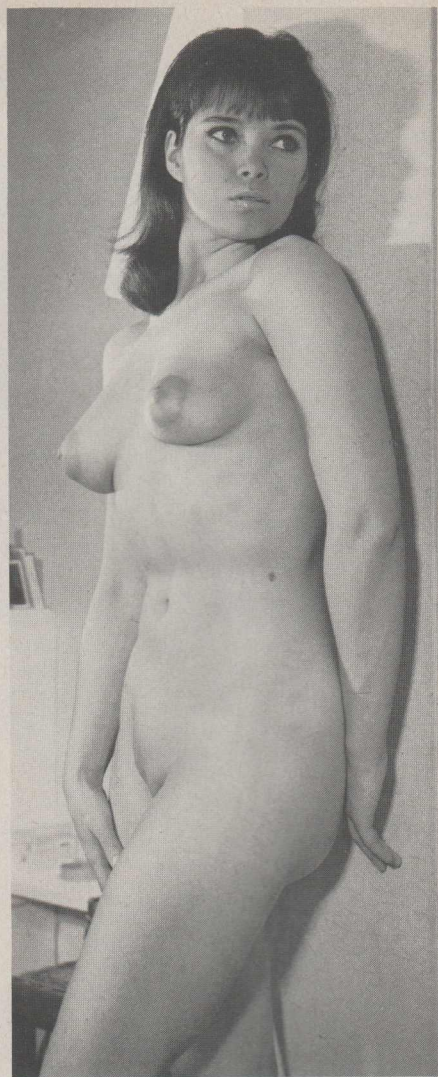
A difficult shot this because of the sunlight and shadow. Perfect exposure has avoided failure.





Female Beauty

Gorgeous girl on left takes £10. Relaxed lass below gets £5 and indoor beauty on right £3.



Your Picture Prizes

WOMEN first of course. So let us look at the wonderful results we have been sent in this class. The girl I have placed first is just great. What a picture of youthful health and freedom in nature. What makes this picture (apart from the subject) is the feeling of openness given by the situation. Too much nudist photography takes place within the confines of club or limited beach. This is a welcome change. Just one small criticism. The print is a bit light and could do with more contrast. Perhaps a harder grade of paper would be better? Good work Mr. Richards, give us more.

Second and third places in this category go to the two indoor shots. They show what can be done with your camera during the dark months of the year. I put the girl on the bed second. Some of you may recognise her as a model. Well, why not? If your wife won't play—then hire a girl.

The men. Oh well . . . but congratulations to Helmut Herold—

that's him indoors—for taking first place. Mark and his friend from Eureka collect second and our lone beach ball boy third.

Now Groups. The girls on the steps of the Bamberg ruins in Germany walk away (literally) with first place. Second goes to the group on the rocks—a strong diagonal composition. Third goes to the Mother and Child study taken on the Dalmatian coast of Yugoslavia.

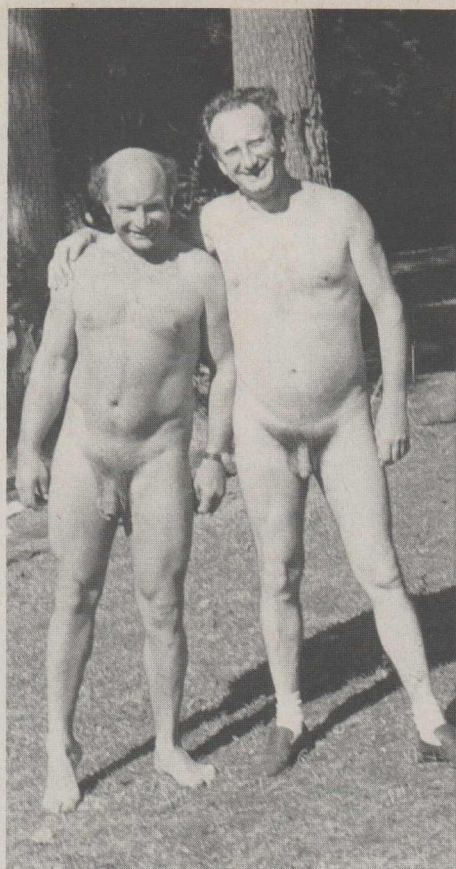
Finally just one prize for the special class this month. And what a beautiful picture it is. Action written all over it. And action caught like this is a winner every time. Readers should try more of it.

When entering these competitions remember it is the unusual and different picture that catches the judges eye. So before you release the shutter ask yourself if the picture you are about to take has sufficient impact and punch to win.



Special Section

Try action; an almost certain winner. This collects £10 for lucky reader.



Men

Helmut of Hamburg, far left, wins £10 for fitness. Eureka Club friends pocket £5 and lone nudist gets consolation prize.



PHOTO CLUB

Groups

Delightful girls from Bam-burg, Germany step into top prize. And they repeat it for second, while Yugoslav rock-sitting family pick up £3—enough for a bottle of plum brandy.



FORM YOUR OWN GROUP

MEMBERS of the Camera Club of London have been out again this summer photographing their favourite models. For those who have missed our reports in the past what happens is this. The club takes four or five models to one or other of its members' gardens for an afternoon's photography. The girls drape themselves decoratively around the gardens, some nude, some dressed. Then the photographers move around in groups of about a dozen taking their turn.

The interesting thing is that the photographers have to cope with every kind of lighting condition. One day, for instance, the sun shone continuously. Another day, sunshine and cloud and everything in between posed more problems than the girls. On the third day, the sky was mostly overcast.

It was quite a test. Let us take the sunny day first. Here at least the conditions were constant. But strangely the photographers were less than happy with the direct sunlight. Most wanted the girls to turn their backs on the sun. Then they could open up a couple of stops and shoot away in confidence. No treacherous shadows. To my way of thinking this is avoiding the challenge. And anyhow it can lead to surprising failures.

Taking the first point. Sunlight does throw heavy shadows. But it also brings pictures alive. Sunlight modelling a girl's figure is a delight. Flat, sunless lighting to me is a disaster. So what do we do about those shadows? We have several options. The first is the use of 'fill-in' flash. With the modern, cheap computer flash guns this is easy. I recently told how. The second approach is to pose the girl so that the shadows do little harm. Some thought and asking the model to turn this way and that can usually reduce heavy shadows to something acceptable. Finally, you can use a compensating developer at high dilution to keep the contrast between sunlight and shadow within accept-

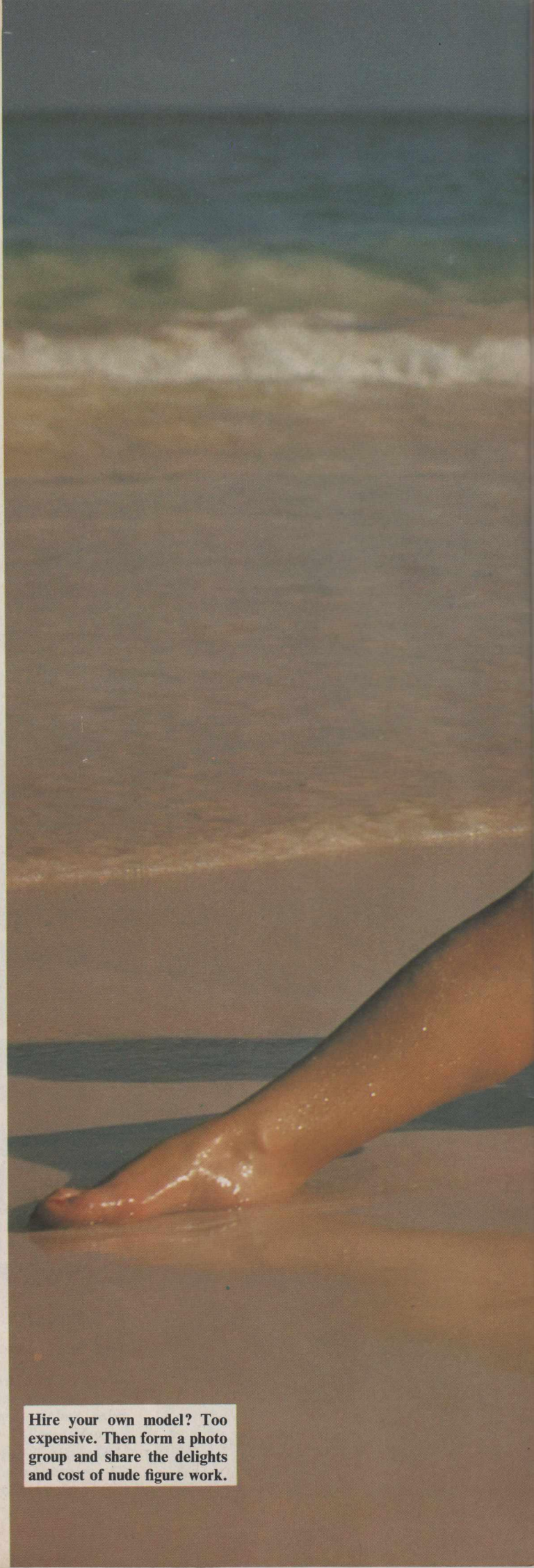
able limits. Agfa Rodinal used at 1:100 was marvellous. For Kodak Panatomic-X film you allowed 16 minutes at 70 degrees for best results. But if you want to use Rodinal you will have to snap up any bottles left on the market. Otherwise you will have to import it from Germany.

The worst day was when the sun came out for a few minutes and just as suddenly ducked behind a cloud. Most photographers had just adjusted their cameras for one condition when they were faced with another. In this situation perhaps it is right to photograph against or away from the sun. But the real answer is the camera with automatic exposure control. Sunshine or shadow, it makes its own adjustments to the situation prevailing at the moment you push the shutter release. I used a Pentax ES2 in this situation. The Rollei had to be put aside.

Finally, the overcast day. The light though can be very directional. While you may think all is evenly illuminated, your results will tell you otherwise. Again, the light tends to fall with most intensity on the upper part of a girl's breasts. Any part of the body facing towards the sky is similar while other parts can suffer a heavy fall off in light intensity.

All in all, you can see why experienced photographers tend to take the least risks and prefer a sunny day where the girl is either turned away from the light or photographed in the shade. But turning the girl's back to the sun is sometimes a hazardous move. For instance, Julia looked great sitting on a fence against a great blue sky. But the picture was ruined by flare. The background was too bright.

What an ordinary camera club can do, surely a nudist club can do as well. Think about it. It has been said that every nudist carries a camera somewhere — usually hidden. Why not form your own camera club? As a group you can do a lot more than singly. When you do, contact us with the information.



Hire your own model? Too expensive. Then form a photo group and share the delights and cost of nude figure work.



BRITISH

Adventurers Sun Club, near Maidstone and Sittingbourne.
Apollo Sun Club, near Haywards Heath and Brighton
The Arcadians, near Brentford and Southend-on-Sea.
Avon Outdoor Club, near Stratford-upon-Avon, Warwick and Banbury.
Aztecs Sun Park, near East Grinstead, Redhill and Horsham.
Naturist Foundation, South London.
Blackthorns Sun Club, near Sharnbrook, between Bedford and Kettering.
Bournemouth & District Outdoor Club, near Ringwood.
Brighton Sun Club, near Haywards Heath and Newick.
Bristol Solarians, near Chipping Sodbury.
Broadland Sun Association Ltd., near London (South).
Cambridge Outdoor Club, near Cambridge, Ely & St. Ives (Cams).
Croydon Sun Society, near London (South).
Diogenes Club, near Gerrards Cross, Uxbridge and Watford.
East Midland Sunfolk, near Lincoln, Newark-on-Trent, Gainsborough.
Eureka Club, near London (South) and Kent area.
Four Seasons Club, near Worthing, Shoreham-on-Sea and Brighton.
Gardenia Sun Club, near London (North), St. Albans.
Greenacres Sun Club, Durham area.
Haslemere Sun Club, also near Hindhead and Liphook.
Hastings Sun Club, also Folkestone area.
Heritage Sun Club, near Reading and Aldershot.

Invicta Sun Club, between Dover and Deal.
Isis Sun Club, between Bridgend and Cowbridge.
Lakeland Outdoor Club, Cumbria area.
Lancashire Sun Society, between Southport and Preston.
Leicester Sun Group, between Coventry and Leicester.
Lancashire Sun Society.
Liverpool Sun and Air Society.
Manchester Sun and Air Society.
Marguerite Sun Club, near Oakham, Stamford and Uppingham.
Naturist Foundation, near London (South).
North Western Sunbathing Society, Stockport, Macclesfield, Congleton area.
Nottingham Sun Club, Mansfield, Nottingham, Derby area.
Nova Sun Club, near Sutton, Dorking, Reigate, Guildford.
Oakwood Sun Club, near Brentwood.
Pendale Sun Club, near Bradford, Halifax, Huddersfield.
Phoenix Sun Club, near Buxton, Congleton, Macclesfield and Leek.
Pines Sun Club, near Ross, Newent, Gloucester and Cinderford.
Ribble Valley Club, near Preston, Blackburn and Wallasey.
Ridgewood Sun Club, near Bristol, Portishead and Clevedon.
Scottish Outdoor Club, near Glasgow.
Sheplegh Court, near Totnes, Brixham, Dartmouth.
Solway Sun Club, near Carlisle, Bampton and Longtown.
South Hants Sun Club, near Portsmouth and Southampton.
South London Sun Society.

CLUB

South Western Outdoor Club, near Yeovil, Sherborne, Evershot.
Springwood Sun Club, near Colchester.
Sunbeam (South East Essex) Sun Club, near Billericay, Wickford.
Sungrove Sun Club, near Grimsby and Brigsley.
Sunnybroom Sun Club, near Aberdeen, Balmoral and Peterhead.
Tando, between Carlisle and Newcastle.
Vagari Sun Club, near Godalming, Fareham and Hindhead.
Valerian Sun Club, near Ryde and Newport, I.O.W.
Valley Sun Club, near Leeds, Bradford and Ripon.
Weald Group, near Haywards Heath, Burgess Hill and Henfield.
Western Sun Folk, near Monmouth and Chepstow.
Westways Sun Club, near Malmesbury and Minety.
White House Club, near London (South).
White Rose Club, York, near Strensall and Flaxton.
Woodlands Sun Club, near Coventry.
Wrekin Sun Club, serves area bounded by Shrewsbury, Whitchurch, Market Drayton and Telford.
Yorkshire Sun Society, near Hull.
Zaribah Sun Club, near Hastings, Rye, Tenterden.

BELGIUM

ANTWERP
Athena, P.O. Box 225, 2000 Antwerpen.
De Spar, Volhardingstraat 67, 2020 Antwerpen.
BRUSSELS
Compagnons Campeurs Belges, BP 888, 1000, Brussels.
Helios, P.O. Box 1185, 1000 Brussels.
GENT
Gravensteen, P.O. Box 245, 9000 Gent.
HASSELT
Heidegouw, P.O. Box 13, 3500 Hasselt.
LIEGE
Le Perron, P.O. Box 169, 4000 Liege.
Nature et Sport, c/o J. M. Renkin, rue Bidaut 21 A, 4000 Liege 1.
VOTTEM
Plein-Ciel, c/o Raoul Jouan, rue de la Cite 40, B-4410 Vottem.

FRENCH

PARIS
Some 15 Clubs around Paris among which are:
Gymno-Club du Thelle.
Centre Gymnique de l'Oise.
La Fertile.
Sport et Nature.
Air et Soleil.
Heliomonde.
Club Gymnique de France.
LILLE
Plein Air Relax Club.
REIMS
Centre Gymnique de Champagne.
ORLEANS
Les Bogues, Club du Soleil, Joi et Sante d'Orleans.
Puy la Lande.
BORDEAUX
Centre Helio-Marin de Montalivet.
NICE
La Gorghetta.
CORSICA
Robinson Club La Chiappa.
Corsicana.
SOUTH OF FRANCE
Port Nature.
Verdon Provence.
Le Romegas.
VALENCIENNE
Centre Gymnique du Nord.
MAUBEUGE
Natura.
LE HAVRE
Bois des 40 Acres.
ROUEN
La Bouleautiere.
EVREUX
Bois de Glisolles, Pomme Doree, BP 25, 27000-Evreux.
NANCY
Le Cardinal, Union Gymnique de Lorraine, Les Ombelles, Haut-du-Lievre, Ent.C., 54000-Nancy.
STRASBOURG
Centre Gymnique d'Alsace, BP 161, 67025 Strasbourg-
CEDEX
BREST
Club du Soleil, BP 246, 29271 Brest.
RENNES
Club du Soleil, Section de Rennes, BP 724, 35009 Rennes.



Ran du Chateau (France). Naturists go floating by . . .

DIRECTORY

The following directory is published to give you an idea of the location of various clubs. If you want further information you should write to the address of the country concerned given at the foot of the directory. Club Secretaries in England, France and Germany are invited to submit addresses for publication together with any news, notes or matters of general interest to Nudists throughout Europe. Published in English, French and German, this section can provide all of Europe with a common meeting ground. We hope in the future to bring you items of interest from the INF, FFN and the United Kingdom organisations.

Readers in the United Kingdom should note that there are two major organisations working quite independently. They are the C.C.B.N. (Central Council for British Naturism, Sheepcote, Orpington, Kent BR5 4ET) and the Eureka Group, 50 Marling Way, Gravesend, Kent DA12 4DN. The former is the older and more traditional. The latter breaks away from the more conventional approaches to social nudity.

BOURGES

Les Amis du Chataignier, 18250 La Chapelotte.

LAVAL

Club du Soleil, 20 Place Pasteur, 53000 Laval.

DIJON

Club du Soleil, 7 rue du Dr. Chaussier, 21000 Dijon.

French readers can write for more information to: La Federation Francaise de Naturisme (F.F.N.) 4 avenue du Coq, 75009 Paris. There are many more clubs in France than those listed above.

Selected French Holiday Resorts for Nudists.

La Conche, Cet J Bennetot, Relais de la Conche, St Montant, 07220-Viviers.

La Chataigneraie, La Chataigneraie, 07-La Bastide de Virac.

Alpes et Soleil, 38 Sinard.

La Genese, Mejanne-le-Clap, 30710 St. Jean-de-Maruejols.

La Gorgetta, Jean Goffin, La Gorgetta, 06720 Levens.

Le Haut Chandelalar, Brianconnet 06850 St Auban, Alpes-Maritimes.

Domaine Naturiste de Belezey, Belezey-Provence, 84410 Bedoin.

Corsicana, Club Corsicana, Linguissette, 20320 San Nicolao.

Montalivet, Centre Helio-Marin 33930 Montalivet.

Le Moulin, Ernest Ridet, Au Moulin, 20210 Porto-vecchio, BP 36.

La Chiappa, S.A. 20210 Porto-vecchio.

Tropica, Mme. Jeanne Lovati, Centre Naturiste Tropica, 20230 San-Nicolao.

Port Nature au Cap D'Agde, Club Nature Port Nature 34300 Cap d'Agde.

Le Ran du Chabrier, Mme. Metge, BP 1 30430 Barjac.

Le Romegas, Jeannine Schillemans, Le Romegas 26174 Buis-les-Baronnies.

Ran du Chateau de Fereyrolles, Robert Malafosse, 7 rue de la Republique, 30100 Ales.

The addresses given show where you should write for further information. They are not always the address of the resort.

GERMAN

BONN

Familiensportbund Bonn e.V.

AACHEN

Natur-und Sportfreunde Aachen e.V.

AUGSBURG

Sportbund Helios Augsburg e.V.

BAMBURG

Natur-und Sportbund.

BEYRUTH

Sportbund für Körperkultur.

BERLIN

Verein für Körperkultur Berlin-Sudwest.

BREMEN

Bund für naturnahe Lebensgestaltung.

FKK Wiking Bremen, e.V. 28 Bremen, D-Bonhoefferstrasse 36.

DORTMUND

Sport und Naturfreunde Dortmund, 46 Dortmund-Hombruch Postfach 169.

DUISBURG

Lichtbund Niederrhein, 4 Dusseldorf, Postfach 5131.

DUSSELDORF

Sportfreunde Dusseldorf, Dusseldorf 1, Postfach 7113.

FRANKFURT

Orplid e.V.

FREIBURG

Bfi Sonnländ.

FRIEDRICHSHAVEN

Bund für freie Lebensgestaltung.

HAMBURG

FKK-Sportgemeinschaft Hamburg.

HANNOVER

Bund für freie Lebensgestaltung.

KASSEL

FKK-Bund für freie Lebensgestaltung.

KEMPTEN

Bund Alpenland.

KIEL

Liga für freie Lebensgestaltung, e.V., 23 Kiel 1, Postfach 3112.

KOLN

Helio-Familiensportgemeinschaft.

LUNEBERG

Sun, Lüneburger Heide, 314 Lüneburg, Postfach 2641.

MÜNCHEN

Freie Sportgemeinschaft Amperland.



Ten Acres.

SAARBRÜCKEN

Lichtbund Saar.

STUTTGART

Bund für freie Lebensgestaltung. Stuttgarter Sonnenfreunde.

WIESBADEN

Orplid, 62 Wiesbaden, Postfach 4532.

MANNHEIM

Freier Lichtbund Mannheim, 68 Mannheim 1, Postfach 711.

COBURG

Bund für freie Lebensgestaltung Coburg, 8634 Rodach b.Coburg, Feldstrasse 1.

NURNBERG

Sportgemeinschaft Sonnenfreunde, 85 Nurnberg, Drahtzieherstrasse 25.

REGENSBURG

Naturistenbund Donau, 84 Regensburg, Postfach 326.

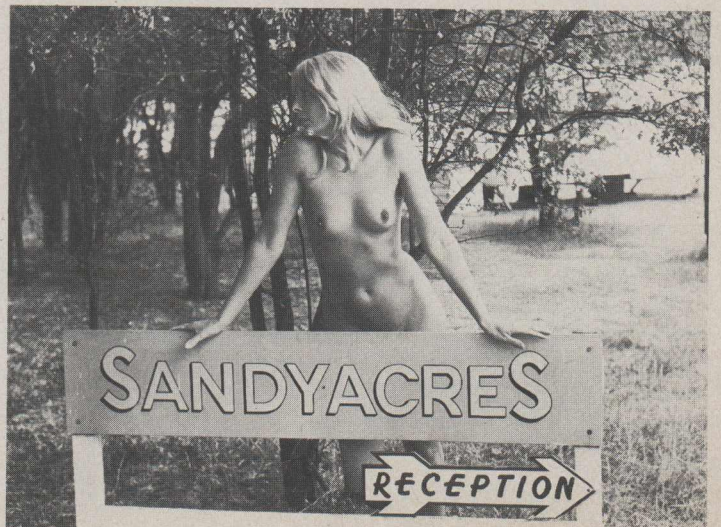
REUTLINGEN

Bund für Familiensport Reutlingen, D741 Reutlingen, Postfach 382.

SCHWENNINGEN

BffL Schwarzwald, 1229, 7730 Villingen.

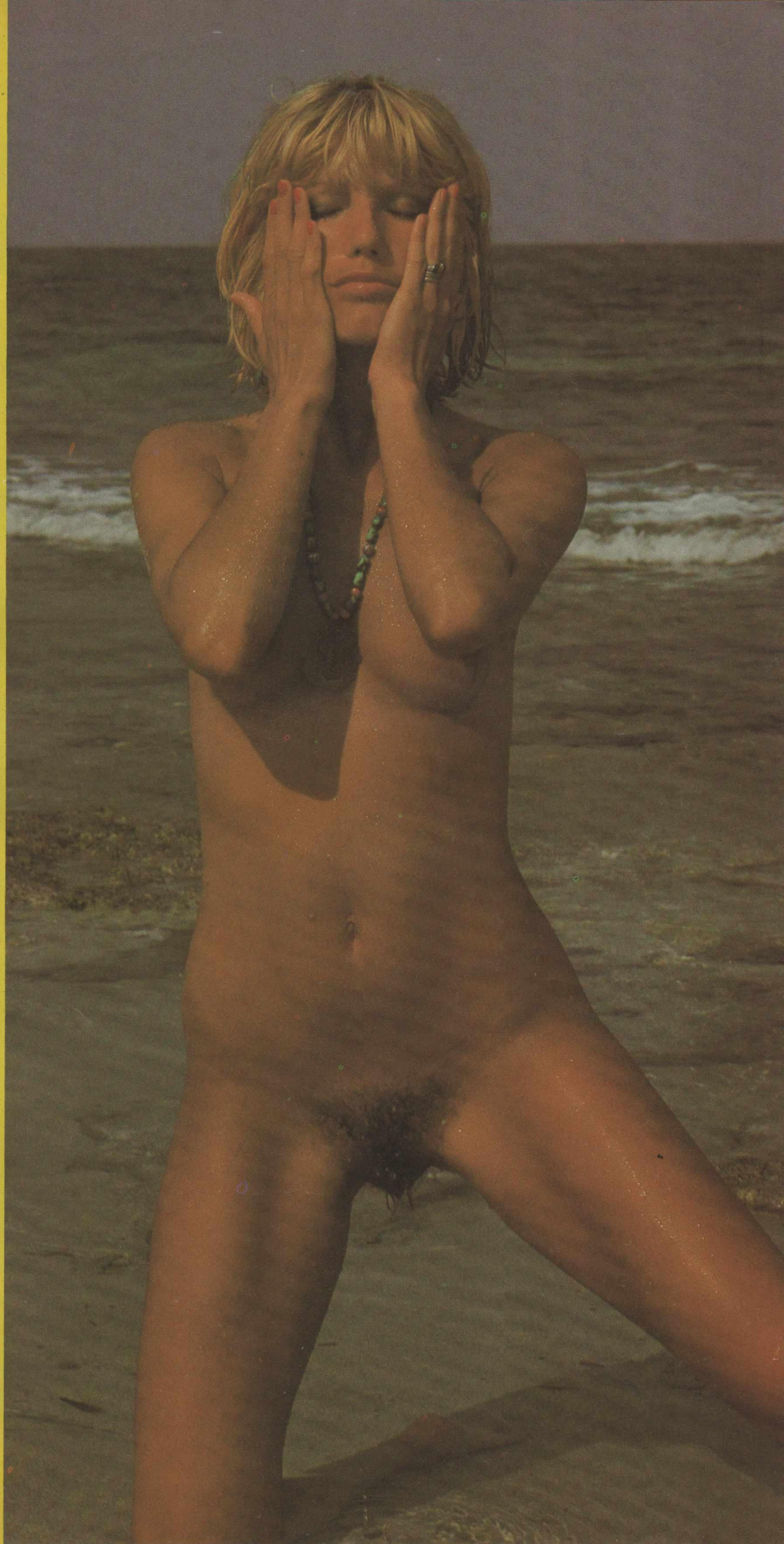
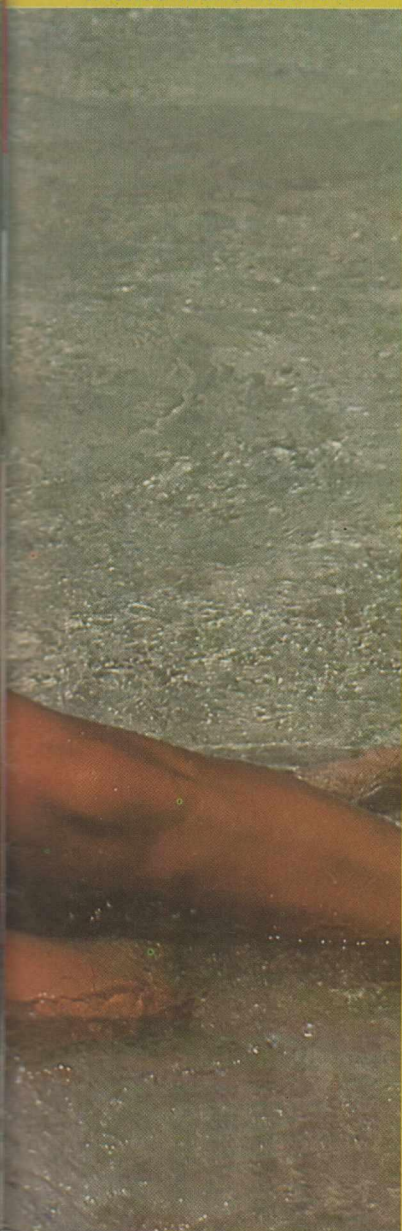
For German readers Richard Danehl's Verlag, 2 Hamburg 50, Postfach 500 344 have published in 1974 a booklet 'FKK Reiseführer.' It contains the addresses of all the above German Clubs and many more both in Germany and elsewhere in Europe.





THE LATEST MODEL

Now that nudism has escaped the confines of the club fences, where is it going? Pierre Durand talks to one of the younger set. She knows and loves Pampelone beach right beside St. Tropez in the south of France. She is liberated and cares not a fig leaf for any of the old rules of the nudist movement. Sally and friends make their own.





IF you take a close look at Sally, you will see she is one of nudism's younger set. If nudists came like cars, you would say she is this year's model.

And Sally has some up-to-the-moment ideas to go with her young body. 'I like nudism,' she says, 'I'm all for it, believe me. Just like I'm all for Women's Lib. I think nudity for young women a very liberating experience. Or it would be if it wasn't so crammed up with hammy ideas.'

We asked her to enlarge. 'Well,' said Sally, 'I think there are too many old men in the movement and they seem to go around telling the younger ones what they can't do. It's crummy really. Take the matter of decoration. O.K. so the body is nothing to be ashamed of. Then why is it taboo to decorate it?'

But decorating it means putting on clothes doesn't it. And that can't be nudism.

'You see,' replied Sally, 'right off you are telling me what nudism is. But nobody knows do they. Oh, I suppose in your crummy old clubs you can make as many rules as you like and force people to obey them. But in the real world you can't.'



'Look, nudism has moved out of the clubs and here in France onto the public beaches. Ever seen Pampelone, near St. Tro? Hundreds of nudes, hundreds of topless, all doing their own thing. And no one is going to make rules for the free nudists, are they?'

'Take decoration. Being naked is all very well. But if you want to be attractive then just a little bit of clothing can work wonders. Just a bit of fluff around the crotch brings back the mystery. The allure. And no matter what you say, you'll never eliminate sex appeal. And no matter how many old men you produce, you'll never stamp out the foibles of fashion.'

'But with a figure like yours Sally, isn't it gilding the lily?'

Sally smiled. 'Thank you, kind sir,' she said, with a smile, 'but gilding the lily is what it's all at. All we girls have got much the same thing. Just look around any beach where the kids are nude. Very little to choose between one young body and another.'

We suggested to Sally that there really was quite a bit of difference between a Scandinavian blonde and a dark beauty from the south of Italy.

'Umm . . .' said Sally, plucking at her lower lip with her index finger. 'But not to the crotch watchers.'

'The what?' we asked, stunned.

'The crotch watchers,' said Sally, blithely.

'What are those?'

'Fellows,' said Sally. 'Just about all fellows. They sit there and crotch watch. It's a full-time occupation with a lot of them. I don't blame them. I'm not a prude. To tell the truth I do a bit of crotch watching the other way round—it's only human nature.'

'Well, O.K., perhaps you're right, but what's that got to do with it?'

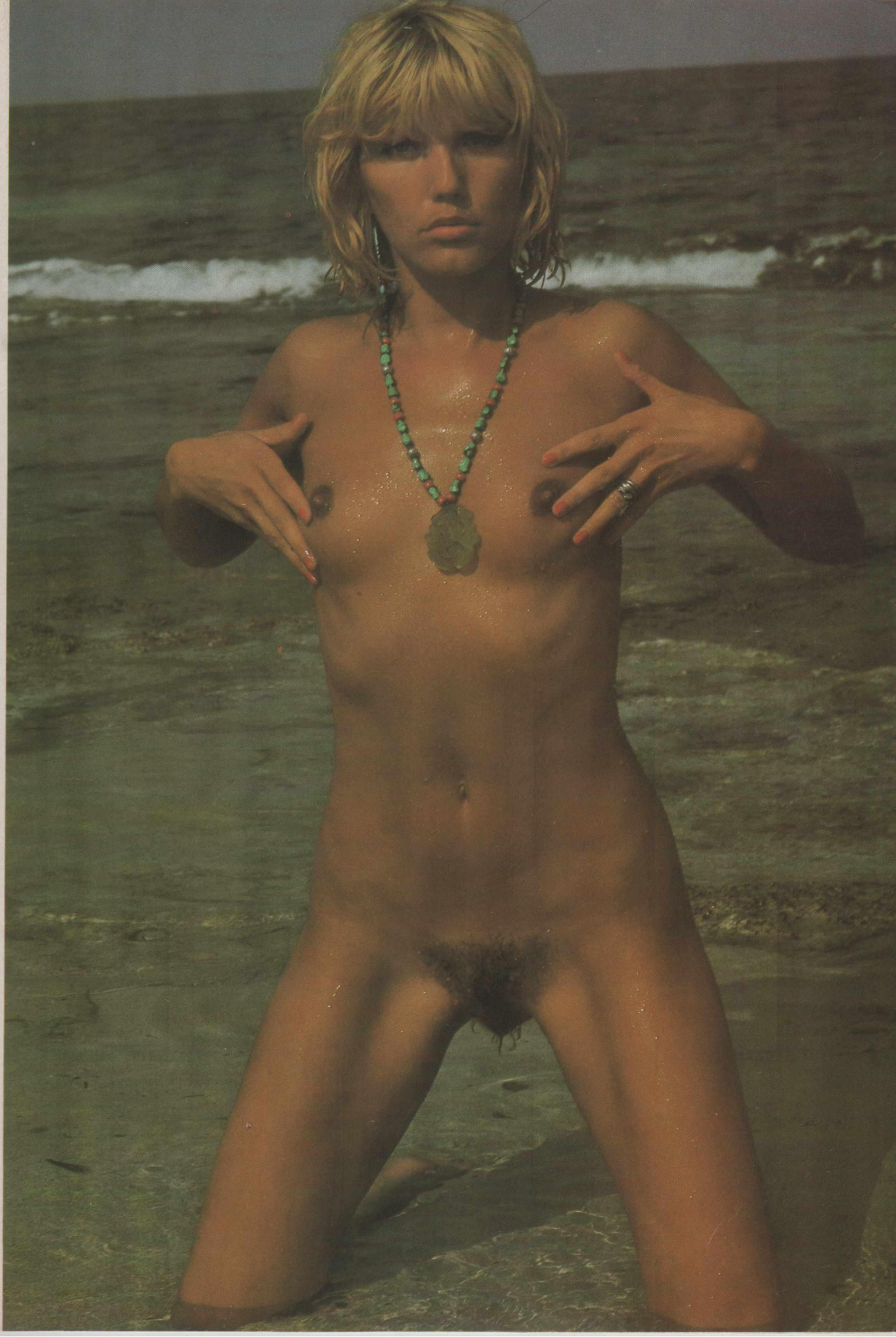
'Everything,' replied Sally. 'If you really want to excite a crotch watcher, you foil him. You cover it up. With something attractive, exciting. Like fur . . . or beads . . . or, well you get the drift?'

We told Sally we got the drift right enough, but suggested that you could carry the thing too far. Before you knew it you would be back to clothing—head to toe.

'Never,' said Sally. 'Nudity has come to stay. But not your old fashioned club nudity. It's out. Escaped. It's the world's now. Everyone's. And now that's happened we are not going to have the sexual hang-ups you club people seem to suffer from. We are going to have fun. While we are young. And all the old fuddy-duddies of the world can unite and jump into a lake as far as we are concerned.'









READERS' LETTERS

Letters intended for publication should be clearly marked as such and addressed to the Editor, H. & E. Monthly, Peenhill Limited, 8-9 East Harding Street, London, E.C.4. The opinions expressed in correspondence from readers do not necessarily reflect those of the publisher or Editor.

THIS month our readers share with you a variety of ideas from worries about narrow shoulders (is that all he worries about) through free beaches and all inclusive nudity to something we have called Marking Time.

NO SAND KICKER

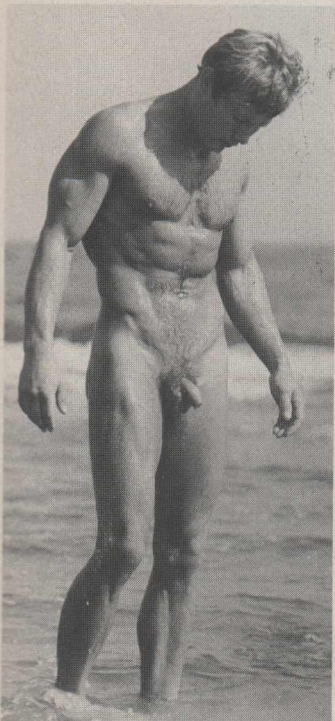
I AM a regular reader of Health & Efficiency. I like it in all respects. However, I have a problem so I write hoping you can help me. The trouble is that I am so thin and have such narrow shoulders.

The thing worries me because when I am at the beach, whether it is naturist or otherwise, I get an inferiority complex. Worse, I have no success with the girls.

Could you advise me how to remedy the situation, especially with regard to the shoulders?

France. G.R.

(You do not say your age. But at any age a sane diet and programmed exercise is likely to improve your physique. As to the size of your shoulders, you shouldn't worry. It is strange, but true, that girls show little interest in the big muscled man. A big physique in any part of the body is not important. Your attitude to life and your health is.—Ed.)



Adonis beside the sea. But is it true the girls prefer the sand-kicking musclemans?

NO PERSON ARTER

I READ with interest the opening paragraph ('I very rarely read further') of your correspondent Wallace Arter and his memories that there was a gentleman some two years ago who doubted very much the authority of Wallace Arter and that he, Wallace Arter, had proved beyond a shadow of doubt that there was such a person. He went on to say that I had said I would pay the Editor £5 if Wallace Arter proved his existence.

Well now, to start with 'Wallace Arter's' memory is even worse than his pithy articles because I wrote that letter nearly six years ago—not two! Secondly, how Arter, did you prove beyond a shadow of doubt you existed? I asked for any reader, old or young, who knew you personally to come forward and back up your claim. I also said that you should submit a full-length photograph of yourself to be published in H.&E.

No one came forward to back up your claim, neither did you have published any photograph of yourself. What's wrong? Are you shy? Perhaps your family or your close friends don't know you are a naturist or that you don't want them to know. All you said in your answer six years ago was that dozens of people could vouch for your authenticity and that you lived not far from the writer—Westerham.

What did that prove? Precisely nothing. In H.&E. a couple of years or so ago, there appeared a series of articles accompanied by photographs of people well known in the naturist world—but you were conspicuous by your absence. There was no lengthy article of our famous Wallace Arter with photograph. Why?

... I have belonged to naturist clubs up and down the country since 1939 ... I have been to Heritage, Five Acres, Spielplatz for 30 years—North Kent, White House, Eureka, Surrey Downs (many years ago) and many times I have asked whether anyone had met the mythical Wallace Arter. No one ever had.

... I'll lay my bet again, but increase it to £10 if any reader will support Wallace Arter's claim that he exists ...

Westerham.

Derek Smith



Too little to write to us yet? We can wait. We have for 78 years so far.

*'Yesterday upon the stair,
I saw a man who wasn't there.
He wasn't there again today,
I wish the hell He'd go away.'*

(I thought Derek the above ditty might fit the bill. All I can say is that I have asked your mythical Wallace Arter to let me have an article. Lo and behold, the article arrives! I grant you that is no positive evidence of his existence. But if a ghost is pushing those typewriter keys, we are onto something big. And greater men than us have wondered about existence. Wasn't there some guy who gathered fame with the immortal words: 'I am because I am.' Methinks he wasn't too sure even then. I hope some reader satisfies you Derek. Peace of mind is useful, and so is £10.—Ed.)

FREE SUN ON THE BEACHES

FROM the Ms of the article 'Free Sun on the Beaches,' submitted 29/7/77, will you please delete paragraph 9 on page 1, which reads 'At Doi Mai, near the border ... Solars and Free Beaches available.'

Paragraph 11 should be amended as follows:

No council anywhere on our coastline has yet had quite enough courage to designate a beach with official notices indicating that it is

for 'Costumes Optional' sea-bathing. At least the Police, at long last, have now been told to take no action at Pilchards Cove and adjacent Slapton Sands. Perhaps this will give courage to Hornsey and Perranporth, so nearly the leaders, and speed the negotiations with Hastings and authorities in Kent.

Cambs. Phil Vallack

(The above arrived too late for the article to be amended.—Ed.)

HAIRY GO AGAIN

MY wife and I have been very interested to read frequent references to depilation in H.&E. We have been nudists for five years and began to depilate when the subject was first aired in its pages. We have never regretted that decision. Apart from her blonde hair which she cut down to about half-an-inch (12 mm) and which she may now cut off entirely, like the attractive black girl in the current issue of H.&E., my wife was very happy to remove all her body and pubic hair. Although I naturally had more qualms about shaving my genitals than my head, I have followed suit and now have a completely smooth body from top to toe.

In our view, not only is the effect of depilation pleasing aesthetically and essentially

hygienically, but the feeling of being really nude has to be experienced to be believed. So much so, that we used to think nothing about wearing odds and ends of clothes when we were naked, we no longer feel that this is compatible with nudist principles.

Non nudists have always argued that club membership would double if the rule about stripping completely naked were relaxed and members allowed to wear a tiny piece of cloth over their genitals. Other nudists have pointed out the illogicality of this view and insisted the last stitch of clothing must come off if nudism is to mean anything at all. We agree.

Furthermore, we think this applies to body hair, especially pubic hair. We may still be in a minority, but we believe we are in a growing minority—witness the pages of H.&E.—men and women alike. Anyone who doubts the

wisdom of this practice has only to open the pages of H.&E. and see the beautiful pictures of children and young people whose pubes have not yet been disfigured by a mass of hair. What better examples to us all.

We wish H.&E. every success in its efforts to encourage complete depilation and would welcome more articles on the practice.

Sudbury-on-Thames. Mr. AGB
(Do you mean you shave the hair off your head as well, Mr. AGB? And your wife is contemplating doing the same? I must admit your logic is perfect. If hair is bad, why stop at the genitals. But I think you will have difficulty persuading all to follow this very precise view. A completely bald headed girl did turn up at my place a few years ago. Her boyfriend was bald. She had come out in sympathy. Seriously, do you shave the whole body every morning. If so isn't it a bit time consuming?—Ed.)

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If we called this picture 'Wallace Arter' would Derek Smith be furious—and what about Arter?

MARKING TIME?

ON seeing your magazine for the first time for a year or two, I was surprised to see that it contained a large advertisement for 'canes, whips and tawses.' Presumably advertisers only advertise if readers buy and this suggests you have many readers who are addicted to the use of these instruments for their pleasure.

I find it difficult to believe that your readers really do indulge in this form of perversion even though it is only a mild one.

Not that I object to it (in fact I have a weakness for that sort of thing myself) but I do not see how naturists manage to use these instruments of punishment on each other without it being

obvious to all eyes.

The use of a cane or whip will leave marks on the area to which it is applied for anything up to a fortnight, depending on the degree of severity. I have never yet observed either in the flesh or in a photograph a naked feminine bottom displaying the thin red lines that would decorate it if it had been at the receiving end of a well directed cane or whip. Do the victims (they are of course not really 'victims' but willing participants) have to refrain from appearing and letting their bottoms be seen until the marks have worn off. I am quite worried by this problem. Can anyone enlighten me.

Hayes, Middlesex.

J.F.

(No comment.—Ed.)

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